THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1890.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

LORD SALISBURY'S communication to the Turkish Government on the subject of our occupation of Egypt, though it has not given satisfaction to the Porte, seems to be accepted elsewhere with equanimity, if not with actual approval. It acknowledges once more that the occupation is only temporary, points to the great improvement in the internal condition of the country which has been brought about under English auspices, and declares that England cannot retire until it has proof that this improvement would not be interfered with by her withdrawal from the scene. These are, of course, the mere commonplaces of the question. The truth is that everywhere a feeling is growing that the occupation, whatever we may say to the contrary, will be permanent; and it is only fair to say that the Continental Powers, with a single exception, practically acquiesce in this opinion, as providing the best possible solution of a difficult problem. Even in France there are statesmen like M. ST. HILAIRE, who feel that England cannot reasonably be asked to evacuate the Delta, and who even hold that France has no claim to compensation. But whilst this is the case, the English Government must be prepared to meet trouble at any moment in connection with this Egyptian question, until we succeed in "regularising" our position in that country. How to effect this end is the gravest problem in foreign policy with which our rulers now have to deal.

THE St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Standard* has a curious story to tell of the recent Russian manœuvres in which the Czar and the EMPEROR OF GERMANY took part. It seems that towards the close of the operations, the Emperor, who was at the head of the Vyborg Regiment, of which he is honorary commander, determined upon a very daring manœuvre in order to extricate his men from an embarrassing position in front of the enemy. The brilliant feat failed, and both the Emperor and his men were made prisoners! The incident seems to have made a great impression in the Russian camp, where it was regarded as a significant omen; whilst the *Standard* correspondent gives a picture of the young Emperor as he saw him in the midst of the Imperial family, moving about moody and silent, evidently enraged at a failure which tended to make him appear ridiculous in the eyes of his host. The Western world does not believe in omens, and its chief interest in the meeting of the two monarchs is not this dramatic episode, but the fact, now abundantly evident, that no political change of any importance is likely to follow the interview at Narva.

THE Armenians have paid a well-earned compliment to the *Daily News*, having transmitted to the editor of that journal an address of thanks for the services which during many years it has rendered to their oppressed nationality. The Armenians are not ungrateful to those who befriend them, a fact which has a very real political significance at this moment, when it would appear that their one hope of deliverance from the cruelties of the Pashas rests with the Czar. The accounts of fresh persecutions which have appeared during the week have, as usual, been accompanied by fresh denials from Constantinople. The latest tale (not denied) is that the miscreant MOUSSA BEY has disappeared. There is something which would be amusing, if it were not horrible, in the cool effrontery with which the Turks repeat the stale tricks and manœuvres with which generations of English diplomatists have been only too familiar, and the simplicity, real or affected, with which their denials and explanations and equivocations are received by the Turcophile press of England. It is well that Armenia has at least one or two friends among the newspapers and public men of England.

ANOTHER movement is on foot for the purpose of obtaining international copyright in America. It will be interesting to see how it fares. Whilst we give full credit to the honest men who are sincerely anxious to remove a great reproach from the name of their country, we frankly confess that, remembering the manner in which the last Bill was treated, the speeches which were made about it, and the subsequent action of MR. WANAMAKER, the pirate Postmaster-General, we have but little hope that the American Government, or the representatives of the American people, will for a long time to come adopt honesty as a national policy. It is a good thing, however, that certain outspoken protests in this country, though strongly resented in the United States, have had the effect of making Americans see themselves as they are seen (in this matter) by everybody else.

MORE light upon GENERAL BOULANGER. The "revelations" of the *Figaro* are being continued. The net result is to display the General himself in a peculiarly odious light. He had not the courage to attempt a *coup d'état* when he was urged to it by his fellow-conspirators, and when, possibly, the crime might have succeeded. Nor had he the ordinary self-restraint necessary to enable a man to take full advantage of the constitutional victories which fell to GENERAL BOULANGER'S lot, and which certainly made him, at one time, a formidable opponent of the Government. If he had been a stronger man, if he had been anything but a vain, feather-headed, self-indulgent adventurer, he might have wrecked the Republic. But creatures of the BOULANGER type are only really dangerous to the causes with which they are allied.

WE are sorry to see that the *Spectator* does not retract the charge it brought against MR. GLADSTONE of having "re-christened" boycotting "exclusive dealing" *after* he became a supporter of Home Rule. For the charge we showed two weeks ago that there was absolutely no foundation—that MR. GLADSTONE had, in fact, used the phrase "exclusive dealing" to describe boycotting so far back as 1881, when he was Prime Minister and MR. FORSTER Irish Secretary. The *Spectator* gives as a reason for its refusal to retract its charge the allegation that in 1881 MR. GLADSTONE did not mean by "exclusive dealing" to cover all that he now intends that phrase to cover. Surely MR. GLADSTONE himself is the best judge of his own meaning. His declarations against boycotting, to which the *Spectator* now appeals, were directed against boycotting enforced by threats of personal violence and accompanied by crime. Neither he nor any other

leader of the Liberal party has altered his opinion with regard to this form of boycotting; but the boycotting to which he now applies the words "exclusive dealing" is precisely the kind of boycotting to which he applied these words in 1881—combination without crime. We suppose, however, that it is hopeless to expect our opponents to give Home Rulers credit for *not* having lost all their moral instincts when they became converts to the new and better way with Ireland.

ONLY one member of the Government has broken the silence of the week. This is MR. BRODRICK, the holder of a subordinate post in connection with the War Office. It would have been curious to see a full report of this gentleman's utterances—unkindly dismissed by the Conservative press in a few lines. From what is reported, however, we learn that in MR. BRODRICK'S opinion the Government during the past Session "had always come out of the engagements victoriously." It is, therefore, in the opinion of MR. BRODRICK, a "victory" when an army having taken the offensive finds itself obliged to retreat, leaving guns, standards, and camp equipage in the hands of the enemy. It is a "victory" to be compelled to withdraw every important measure you meant to pass, after devoting a whole Session to the attempt to carry them. There is a depth of foolishness in this specimen of Ministerial logic which would only be weakened by comment. Indeed, we remember nothing quite like it since the days of the American general who described the rout of his forces as a "successful strategic movement to the rear."

THE great meeting at Limerick last Sunday brought us face to face with an aspect of the Irish Question which is rarely seen. The object of the meeting was to condemn BISHOP O'DWYER for the part he has taken in opposing the National movement and in censuring MR. DILLON and MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN. That the meeting was marvellously successful it is impossible to doubt. The speeches were full of that passionate indignation which comes so readily to the Celt when he contemplates the sufferings of his race, and the Bishop was not spared by those who, in ordinary circumstances, would have been the first to honour him. Yet, in face of a demonstration such as this, there are people in this country who seriously believe, first, that the English Government ought to make terms with the Pope in order to secure the coercion of Ireland, and, secondly, that Home Rule will mean Rome Rule. The fact that these beliefs are destructive of each other does not prevent many Englishmen from clinging to both. The meeting at Limerick last Sunday ought to satisfy them that the one is just as foolish as the other.

THE report of the Irish Land Commissioners on the state of the potato crop is very discouraging. The cold weather which has prevailed since the middle of July has proved disastrous to the hopes of a good harvest. The report, which only deals with the state of things on the 15th inst., is to the effect that the disease has attacked the crop all over Ireland, and that in the south and west the harvest is practically a failure, the tubers being so deficient in nutriment as to be unfit for human food. The saving of the crop in other parts of the island depended upon the prevalence of warm and sunny weather after the 15th inst. Unfortunately this is not the weather we have had, and consequently the whole outlook is very gloomy. The *Standard* foolishly girds at MR. HEALY for having introduced the question of the potato disease and the threatened scarcity of food into a political speech. What would be thought of the shrewdness of an Irish politician at the present moment who, when dealing with the political and economic condition of his country, omitted to touch upon the most serious question with which Irishmen have to deal?

DISTRESSING accidents to parties of pleasure-seekers have been frequent of late. There have been fatal coaching accidents in the Lake district, Scotland, and elsewhere, and two very serious boating accidents, causing the loss of several lives, off Deal and the coast of Wales. In short, the holiday season has set in with its usual accompaniments. The special point to which we would direct attention, however, is not the fact of these accidents, but the manner in which they have been dealt with by the law. In England the fatal disasters have been followed by inquests, and every inquest has ended in a verdict of "accidental death." This is precisely what might be expected when we remember from what class coroners' juries are drawn. Take the case of a coaching disaster in some pleasure-resort. The persons killed are strangers; the persons who may possibly be responsible are natives who are probably leading inhabitants of the town or village in which the inquiry takes place. Is it likely that a jury of natives will press hardly upon such persons—especially when it is notorious that a verdict ascribing the deaths to anything but pure accident would create a prejudice against the place where they occurred? There is room for a change of system here, and in the interest of the travelling public we trust that a change will be made.

THE rate of discount in the Open Market, which on Friday of last week fell to $3\frac{1}{8}$ per cent., has recovered this week to $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., and in some cases as much as $3\frac{3}{8}$ per cent. has been charged. Early in the week, too, there was a strong demand for loans, and in some cases borrowers had to apply to the Bank of England, where 4 per cent. was charged. But the redemption of $1\frac{1}{2}$ millions of Treasury Bills on Wednesday added so to the supply in the Open Market that there was a sharp fall in the rate of interest. In silver there has been decidedly less doing this week than for some time past. The price on Saturday of last week was $54\frac{1}{4}$d. per ounce, but on Tuesday it fell to $53\frac{3}{4}$d. per ounce, and in New York speculators seemed to be somewhat embarrassed by the stringency in the Money Market, for the price in the market is considerably lower than that at which the Treasury is buying. Still the speculation in silver securities goes on. There has been an almost unbroken rise in Mexican railway stocks this week, and though Rupee Paper and other silver securities have not advanced as much, they are all very firm.

AT the Fortnightly Stock Exchange Settlement which began on Tuesday borrowers were able to obtain what money they required from the Banks at 4 per cent. Within the Stock Exchange the carrying-over rates were generally light, yet it is evident that the accounts open for the rise have been somewhat increased during the past fortnight. In the first half of the week there was a considerable advance in not only silver securities, but home railway stocks. The greatest speculation was in the deferred stocks of the North British, the Sheffield, the South Eastern, and the Brighton, and in Caledonian stock. But there was an advance likewise in what are called the stocks of the heavy lines, the traffic returns being surprisingly good. The stringency in New York, and the strikes—actual and threatened—have limited business in the American department, and the South African market has been neglected. International securities have been firm, without very much business, however. On Thursday, which was pay day on the Stock Exchange, most departments were dull.

THE CROAK OF THE SILLY SEASON.

IT is not without reason that the first weeks of the recess, when even the most ardent of politicians finds silence preferable to speech and a great lull reigns throughout the land, have been named "the silly season." How silly some persons can be when they are called upon to make bricks without straw—in other words, to write leading articles without texts—has often been shown, but never more signally than during the past few days. From various quarters sermons of the most portentous kind are being hurled at the head of that devoted object, the general reader. It is evident that he must be roused to a sense of his perilous condition, so one newspaper assures him that England is about to be overwhelmed by a rising of the "labour class" (and prays incidentally for the slaughter of a demagogue or two), whilst another points to the decay of good manners in the House of Commons, and mourns over the fact that the Labouchères and Conybeares, the Storeys and Campbells, are probably destined to be the statesmen of the future.

Jeremiah is always with us, though we have no time to listen to Jeremiads whilst Parliament is in session. All this talk about the approaching reign of anarchy, and the imminent downfall of Parliament, is merely old nonsense served up afresh—the staple diet of the silly season, in short. The men who talk as though the growth of trades unionism—its extension to unskilled labour—were a portent of ruin for England, are merely the sons of the gentlemen who clamoured for the use of grape-shot against the Chartists in 1848, and the grandsons of those who declared that the fate of England was sealed when the Reform Bill became law. It is their nature to believe that every change in the conditions of our social or political life must necessarily be a change for the worse. There was a time when they believed that the salvation of England depended upon the retention of the rotten boroughs. To-day they imagine that it depends upon our preventing the unskilled labourer from helping himself by means of co-operation with his fellows. To-morrow they will probably contend that if we prevent a Peer who has had the misfortune to be imprisoned for swindling, from legislating for his fellow-countrymen, we shall be laying sacrilegious hands upon the Ark of the Covenant.

No sane man, who is not by training addicted to a constant contemplation of the gloomy side of things, can read these alarmist articles in our newspapers without a mingled feeling of amusement and disgust. It is amusing, undoubtedly, to find for how little experience and the lessons of history count with some people. Ignoring the fact that life must be full of change, and that the changeless state is simply the state of death, these prophets of evil continue to rend their garments and scatter dust upon their heads whenever they see that the nation is preparing to take a fresh step forward. But, though their folly may amuse us, their cowardice cannot fail to disgust. Lamentable indeed is the want of faith which these men show, alike in God and in man. They have probably got beyond the stage at which they would have joined the Tories of 1866 in expressing their loathing for Mr. Gladstone because he had the audacity to speak of working men as being of the same flesh and blood as himself. Theoretically, they acknowledge that a working man *is* of the same flesh and blood as a Duke or a country clergyman; but, practically, they deny the fact. If they did not, how could they really feel this alarm at the prospect of an imaginary war between the classes? It is painful to read letters like that which Professor Case, for example, addressed to the *Times* a few days ago *à propos* of the Cardiff strike. Here is a Professor—not a very distinguished one, perhaps, but still a man of light and leading in his own set—who evidently looks upon the working men of England very much as though they were a hostile army encamped in the midst of us, and animated by the deadliest feelings of hostility towards society at large. How comes it that Professor Case and men like him fail to recognise the fact that the working man is just as much an integral part of the whole nation as the Queen or the Prime Minister? It is not only that his physical frame is composed of the same particles, nor even that his mental and moral attributes are identical in kind with those of his social superiors, but that his personal interests are the same. For him, just as truly as for your "belted earl" or your Piccadilly lounger, his personal well-being depends upon the well-being of the nation as a whole. He, too, is interested in the maintenance of order, in the smooth running of the wheels of the great social machine, in the removal of all the causes of irritation and friction in society or in politics. Nay, has he not a deeper interest than the rich man can have? For him neither flight nor withdrawal from the fight is possible. At his post he must remain, alike in fair weather and in foul; and, before any other member of society, the blow which hurts the nation as a whole is felt by him.

The pessimists cannot deny this; but they fall back upon their old doctrine of original sin, the ineradicable wickedness of—other people. They can point to labour disputes in which workmen have been unmistakably in the wrong, and they regard them as certain portents of all that is to come. They forget that for every case of this kind, another might be found in which the employers were not less emphatically wrong. They can quote violent and unreasonable, and positively wicked, language used by advocates of popular rights; and with upturned eyes they pray heaven that "a demagogue or two" may be torn in pieces by the mob they have misled. How many quotations just as violent, as selfish, as wicked, could be culled from the utterances of aristocrats and men of culture? Finally, they talk about the sinfulness of setting class against class, and seem to think that if one body of men combine, it can only be for the purpose of oppressing some other body. Here we admit that they might find some historical arguments in support of their creed; but they are hardly the arguments that the upholders of the present land system, and of vested interests generally, are likely to appeal to. All through their prophecies of woe, their solemn outpourings of denunciation, they ignore one thing—the saving truth that human nature is the same in all classes of society; that a love of truth and justice is not confined to those who dwell within Mayfair; that respect for the rights of others, charity, tolerance, that sense of neighbourdom which makes for the solidarity of a nation, are as common in Whitechapel as they are at Oxford.

All this display of cowardice and prejudice, of ignorance and arrogance, is far more sad than amusing. We would like to think that the prevailing note of pessimism is nothing more than the outward manifestation of the depression natural to professional critics who suddenly find themselves deprived of all current subjects of criticism—that it is, in fact, nothing but the chatter of the silly season. But, though it is the comparative leisure of this particular part of the year which permits us to hear these wailing noises, we fear that they have a deeper origin than the emptiness of the critic's head. Too clearly do they speak the mind of a large and influential class of society—a class which looks with

dark foreboding to the future, and, forgetful of the way by which we as a people have been led in the past, is affrighted, like the Children of Israel of old, by the omens of the morrow. It is a happy thing that we can turn from these croakers, with their fears and their sneers, their faint hearts and their bitter tongues, to those who represent the youth and life of the land. We may not agree with all the forms in which their energy manifests itself; we may dislike some of their methods; we may distrust some of their aims; we may even doubt whether the millennium is so near as they believe; but, at least, whether they be New Radicals, Social Democrats, members of the Fabian Society, or champions of individual liberty, they have that faith in the future which is the first condition of success in this world; and for their reward the future will be theirs.

MONOPOLY AT THE DOCKS.

IT is related of James the First that, one day quarrelling with the Lord Mayor, he threatened to remove the Court to Oxford. "Provided only your Majesty leave us the Thames," cleverly replied the then defender of popular liberties. The ordinary London citizen can hardly have escaped, during the past year, occasional qualms of fear lest the Thames should virtually be taken away from him by the constant strife and mismanagement which he has learnt to connect with the London dock-labourer and the London docks. Confidence is a tender plant, and what, he thinks, will become of the trade of London if the greatest port in the world gets, among shipowners, an evil reputation for unpredictable labour troubles, delays, uncertainty, and needless demurrage?

No one will to-day have any sympathy with the position which Mr. Norwood took up during the Great Dock Strike of 1889. The condition of the dock labourer had then long been a disgrace to his employers and a scandal to the Metropolis. Public opinion has now declared, once for all, definitely enough against the idea that the losses of particular capitalists are to be made up by grinding the faces of the poor, or that the fierce competition of starving men is any excuse for paying less than a "moral minimum" of wages. The dock directors got their lesson, and the Great Dock Strike became, in a sense, the Hegira of unskilled labour.

During the year which has elapsed, the affairs of the Dockers' Union have been, on the whole, managed with considerable statesmanship. Those who best know the docker report an almost incredible improvement in the *morale* of this very residuum of the labour market, a rise in his "standard of comfort," and a development of "social consciousness," which are the best of all testimonies to the character and efficiency of the labours of those latter-day prophets, Messrs. Burns, Mann, and Tillett.

It is important to recall these facts in the face of what may well prove to be an important error of judgment on the part of the Dockers' Union. Their reported decision to restrict the entrance of new members into their Union, taken in conjunction with the ordinary Unionist rule not to work with non-Unionists, has been interpreted to indicate an intention of forming a close corporation or guild, to the detriment of outside labour, and the danger of London trade. No one, of course, can deny the theoretical right of any body of men, be they capitalists or labourers, to form what combinations they please for their own advantage; and it ill becomes our barristers, solicitors, surgeons, physicians, stock-brokers, underwriters, surveyors, architects, actuaries, accountants, or members of City companies, to complain that the humble dock labourer is at last following the example which they have so sedulously set him. But although these latter classes, no less than humbler Trades Unions, have often forgotten it, the moral right of any body of workers to combine for its own pecuniary advantage is limited by the paramount right of society to have its business carried on in the best possible way. The vague and somewhat Utopian plan of working the docks as a co-operative society, composed jointly of dockers, managers, shipowners, and the present shareholders, is open to the same objection in principle as a capitalist dock monopoly or a Trades Union dock tyranny. After all, it is about the management of the Port of London that these discussions are taking place, and the Port of London must obviously be governed in the interest neither of the shipowners nor of the shareholders, neither of the dockers, nor of the directors, nor yet of any combination of these, but in the interest of the great community which has grown up around it, and made it what it is. The Port of London is by far the most valuable item in London's magnificent heritage, and is not to be lightly abandoned to the unrestrained indiscretion either of a Norwood or a Tom Mann.

London occupies, at present, an almost unique position among the great dock ports of the world, in having absolutely no public control over its dock accommodation. With the blind trust in competition which London's chronic lack of local government has everywhere fostered, we have allowed the whole of the riverside accommodation of the Port of London to pass uncontrolled into private hands. The bulk of the shipping trade of the capital of the empire lies at the mercy of an unregulated crowd of private wharfingers and the boards of directors of four gigantic dock companies. Liverpool, Glasgow, Dublin, Swansea, and Bristol have, at any rate, their docks free from the interested administration of the private capitalist. The Clyde, the Mersey, the Tyne are controlled by representative public authorities; the Thames, almost alone among our great commercial rivers, is abandoned to anarchy, tempered only by the casual vagaries of the remarkable body known as the Thames Conservancy Board.

What the result has been is well known. A perfectly reckless expenditure of capital by the competing dock companies has endowed the Metropolis with a succession of enormous docks, each constructed, not because it was wanted nor where it was wanted, but on the principle of "beggar my neighbour," merely in order to outbid its latest rival. The total cost of London's docks has been over twenty millions sterling, and it has often been computed that practically half of this vast expenditure has been virtually wasted. In the vain endeavour to earn interest on this swollen capital, the various dock companies for years indulged in an insensate, and almost indecent competition, always, however, agreeing to take the very utmost advantage of the unorganised starving "reserve army" of East End labour, and carefully to abstain from doing anything to improve its condition. Meanwhile, by a system of hidden rebates and discounts, the great shipping houses which control the dock directorates managed to intercept most of the advantages of the growth of London's trade, and the condition of the typical "widow and orphan" among the dock shareholders became bad indeed. The East and West India Dock Company, owning one-third of the dock capital, had indeed in 1889 virtually to suspend payment, and then the change came. The two main competitors formed a "Joint Committee," controlling seventeen-twentieths of the

dock accommodation of the Metropolis, and easily concluded working agreements with the rest. The Dockers' Union has virtually only followed the example of the Dock Directors, and the vision of a kind of Dock Co-operative Society shows clearly enough what idea is afloat. London has given up every safeguard of its commercial interests in order to get competition, and now it has not even got competition. One small board practically settles dock rates, and two small committees dock wages, for the whole of London's dock accommodation.

There can be little doubt that London, in this matter of dock administration as in other things, will have to learn a lesson from the provincial municipalities. The docks of Liverpool are celebrated wherever ships float, but the docks of Liverpool are administered in the public interest by the "Mersey Docks and Harbour Board," a representative public authority whose stock ranks not far below Consols. Its capital is over seventeen million pounds, or much more than the present market value of the whole of the London docks, and its annual revenue of nearly a million and a half more than suffices to pay all working expenses, interest, and sinking fund. Bristol found it intolerable that its docks should be in private ownership, and has since 1882, expended over a million and three-quarters sterling in buying them up. Hull, Cardiff, and Southampton are indeed the only great English ports outside London where there are private dock companies; and in each of these cases special circumstances mitigate the inconveniences of capitalist management. The great Continental ports invariably administer their docks as an obvious public function; and our magnificent colonial harbours are equally under public management.

A definite proposal to "municipalise" the London docks was made by the Lord Mayor of 1889, and it may be hoped that the project has not been abandoned. The City Corporation has an opportunity of rendering a great public service by promoting a Bill to carry out this idea. The London County Council would soon become as weary a Titan as the House of Commons, if it had to undertake the burden of all London's collective concerns, and the example of Liverpool, in forming a special dock board, appears much more worthy of imitation. It would not be difficult to formulate a constitution for such a body, under which both the people of London as a whole, and the special commercial interests involved, could be adequately represented. The spirit of the age, no less than equity and prudence, would demand that at least one representative of the Dockers' Union should sit on the Board, for even under public management disputes about wages would recur. These disputes would, however, no longer take the form of struggles with the capitalist for the lion's share of the plunder of the public, but would be obviously recognised as merely the claims of one set of workers to receive out of the common product of the community's toil, a larger share for their own particular class. Under the management of some such public body as a Dock Trust, neither the shipowners nor the dockers would get all they would like to get out of the docks, but the common interests of the whole Metropolis would no longer be jeopardised by their struggles, and even the dock shareholder would enjoy the unwonted luxury of a regular though small interest from his Dock Trust Bonds.

A single dock authority would, moreover, be enabled to organise and redistribute its dock labour wherever it might, for the moment, be required, and the demoralising scramble for work at the dock gates might easily be replaced by the formation of a permanent staff of dock workers, as well disciplined and of as high a character as our railway servants. The benefit to the East End of such a transformation would be simply incalculable, and its realisation ought to form one of the first problems set by public opinion to the new body. What all parties need to learn is that the docks exist for the benefit neither of the shareholders nor of the dockers, but for the sake of all this great province of London. The sooner this position is made clear by a public Dock Trust, the better it will be for the whole community.

THE ANGLO-PORTUGUESE AGREEMENT.

THE Anglo-Portuguese Agreement has more in it to please the Old Adam within us than any other of the Conventions by which Lord Salisbury has suddenly won an apostleship in the Religion of Peace. The Anglo-French and the Anglo-Boer agreements were wholly without recompense to ourselves; and even the Anglo-German agreement only gained for us the dubious advantage of protecting and advising the Sultan of Zanzibar, by the somewhat pathetic sacrifice of the most entirely blameless community whom we boasted as brethren. The Anglo-Portuguese Agreement, on the other hand, represents hardly anything save gain. We obtain the unqualified recognition of our position in Matabeleland and Mashonaland—a position which, in the eye of the impartial jurisconsult, has hitherto rested mainly on our ability to shell Lisbon. We gain besides the great and presumably rich Barotsi country, north of the Zambesi, and stretching right away north-westward to Lake Nyassa. This is a considerable achievement for our diplomacy. Barotsiland was always claimed by Portugal as part of the *hinterland* of Mozambique; and as lately as 1886 both France and Germany formally recognised the rights of Portugal in the matter, as probably every Continental jurisconsult would have done; for it is a mistake on the part of Lord Salisbury to suggest that the *hinterland* doctrine is novel or unsupported by learned authority. It is, at all events, as old as Cervantes. Sancho Panza was familiar with, though no admirer of, it. When the bogus Queen Dorothea offered to carve him a marquisate out of her supposed African dominions, he prayed that it might not be in the interior portion of the country, but near to the sea, so that he might the more readily escape, if haply he should disagree with his subjects.

In return for these substantial advantages, Lord Salisbury gives three things, which are of no importance to us, but will be of great advantage to the Portuguese Cabinet in piloting the Convention through the Cortes. Lord Salisbury (at the expense of the Congo State) recognises the right of Portugal to the *hinterland* of Angola in the north-west. He re-admits Portugal to the southern banks of the Zambesi, eastwards from Zambo—thus giving her back something of the country from which, speaking with decks cleared and guns shotted, he provisionally expelled her last December. It is not much, and M. Selous tells us that it is fever-stricken and isolated from Mashonaland; but it is as much as Portugal could really show a title to, and it is enough to satisfy Portuguese pride. Then he waives the British claim to the Manica and Gaza countries, which constitute the *hinterland* of the Portuguese province of Sofala. And, lastly, he gives, as a free gift, the portion of Tongaland south of the line of Marshal MacMahon's award, and north of the strip of land assigned to the Transvaal for the Kosi Bay Railway.

The district in question forms the "home-counties division" of the Tongaland Monarchy. It is there that the Queen Zambili resides, and it is the only

part of Tongaland where she has any authority. Her more immediate partisans nearly all live north of the MacMahon line; and finding that they cannot be united with her under the British flag, she has for some time desired to be united with them under the Portuguese flag. It is satisfactory to find how generally the latest of the partitioning Agreements has been accepted. Even the patentees of the "wasp-waist" phrase are indifferent to the fact that, in this case, it is cut between Tete and the River Ruo. We may, indeed, expect to hear some grumbling from Mr. Rhodes and Sir Thomas Upington. They will not like the Gaza country being given up, and they may shed a few altruistic tears on behalf of President Krüger, when they realise that his railway line to Kosi Bay will be hemmed in between Portugal on the north, and the new districts of British Zululand on the south. But it is more than doubtful if President Krüger would feel any gratitude for such solicitude on his behalf. There is reason to believe that, in securing a railway route to Kosi Bay, he was only doing what the unfortunate Ministers of other countries have so often to do—playing to his gallery. He is understood to be as fully aware as any of our own engineers or hydrographers that no man out of Bedlam would sink money in constructing a harbour at Kosi Bay.

By formally recognising the right of Portugal to the Manica and Gaza countries, Lord Salisbury has obtained for British Mashonaland an outlet at a part of the Portuguese coast called Pungwé Bay, the Portuguese Government binding itself to extreme moderation in the matter of dues on trade and transit. A railway is to be made to that port by Portugal itself, or the right to do so is to be conceded to an Anglo-Portuguese company. The latter is, of course, the alternative most likely to be realised; but even then it is greatly to be doubted if the railway will come into existence within any measurable distance of time. Of Pungwé itself, all that can be said is that it is the only portion of the Sofala Coast as to which there is not overwhelming evidence that it is totally unfit for maritime commerce. There is of course the negative evidence against it that it has not been heretofore used for such a purpose. Possibly it has only escaped the condemnation of the shippers and surveyors, because its worthlessness appeared too obvious to need recording. Some people are to go there within the next few months and report; and then we shall know whether or not it affords another instance of the extraordinary low level of geographical information with which African affairs are habitually debated and decided.

There is one provision in a matter of detail which should not fail to be noticed with gladness by every friend of arbitration. In the ninth article, it is laid down that if any difference of opinion should arise on the subject matters dealt with therein, "it shall be settled by the arbitration of a jurisconsult of a neutral nationality." The cause of arbitration has hitherto made less headway than it should, because of the profound conviction that no "neutral and friendly Power," who might be called upon to arbitrate, could in reality be quite so neutral and friendly in regard to one side as to the other. Such Power would always have some axe of its own to grind—some old score to wipe off, some national prejudice to defer to. The Foreign Office have struck out a new and far more fruitful idea by substituting, for the neutral and friendly State, the obscure man of learning and probity, with no mentor but his own conscience. We hope that, once introduced into the public law of Europe, he will wholly supersede the Presidents and Monarchs, who have up to now been allowed to imperil the future of one of the sublimest ideas of our time.

There can be no doubt that in drafting the Anglo-Portuguese Agreement, and offering it to the Portuguese Government, Lord Salisbury has acted in a far different spirit from that in which he launched his *ultimatum* of last winter. We do not positively assert that the agreement could have been brought about without some such action as that of last December. We merely wish to note that the statesman's mood has changed with the changed phase of the situation. Lord Salisbury was only cruel to be kind. He knocked down his little ally, only to pick him up again, and give him some goodies. He may have realised—possibly through the perusal of those very lucubrations which are said to have lost us the Partick Election—that it is not well to alienate for ever an ally whose ports are essential to the mobility of the home divisions of Her Majesty's Fleet.

In taking leave of Lord Salisbury's brilliant series of achievements, we cannot help expressing a lingering fear, which may possibly seem ill-omened and ungracious, that we have all been encouraging, or rather forcing, him to repeat one of the most signal mistakes of eighteenth century statesmanship. We sincerely trust that we have not been laying up a series of "Treaties of Utrecht" and "Treaties of Paris" to vex the souls of our great-grandsons, and imperil the peace of the twenty-first century. There is no topic in history which the superior person more delights in developing than that of the flippant and impure statesman of the eighteenth century, in his night-cap and flower'd dressing-gown, partitioning the world's surface (of which he was almost wholly ignorant) between the sips of his chocolate. Probably the statesman was neither so impure, nor so flippant, nor so ignorant as the superior person leads you to suppose. No doubt, before he drafted his article partitioning the coast of Barrataria, he would have consulted every report and chart in his office, and cross-examined all the skippers and navy captains in London and Greenwich. It is wonderful when you come to question a traveller, how little you can get out of him. Even if he is of the scientific "up-to-date" type, you will find that the particular journals and diaries, which contained the observations necessary to fix the most cardinal points in your agreement, were confided to a carrier who was unhappily eaten by a lion, or disappeared with his load into the bush at an early stage of the return journey.

If our generation has discovered a good deal of geography, it has also forgotten a good deal. All these rivers and lakes of which the agreements treat, may be non-existent, or may be names common to more than one waterway. They may be misspelt, and be on that account applicable to some totally different geographical feature in another part of the country. It is bootless to speak of the principal channel of a river, if it has several channels of about the same capacity, or if its channel has the habit of shifting every three years. We must hope for the best; but a contemplation of the pitfalls which evidently lie in the path of those who will have to interpret the treaty in future ages, should lead us to think with more charity of the unfortunate Sybarite in the flower'd dressing-gown and the night-cap.

IN IMPERIAL ROME.

THERE is a warning, if we know how to take it, in that paragraph about the Punjabis at the India Office, quoted lately from *The Homeward Mail*.

The poor foolish creatures, aggrieved at some decision of an Indian court, crossed "the black water" to England for redress. On touching our hospitable shores, they made straight for the India Office—simple Punjabis!—and at the India Office they were promptly put into the street; the Office, in the person of its most distinguished Bumble, had never heard of such a thing as their intrusion. A milder-mannered member of the same Department chanced to pass as they stood hopeless on the kerbstone, and insisted on taking them in to tell their tale. He probably saved them from a night in gaol. The policeman, especially the policeman in the neighbourhood of Downing Street, will stand no nonsense from wild men, without a tongue in their head. The reflections proper to this occasion seem to be that the beadle at the India Office is probably a person of imagination. He pictures the extent and variety of our Empire, and he feels that you cannot draw the line too soon at personal application for redress. Punjabis to-day, Bengalees perhaps to-morrow, and Black Mountaineers, Burmese Dacoits, and dirty fellows from Sikkim for the rest of the week! There would be no peace in his hutch. It would be like a long procession of entries for an exhibition of loin-cloths. Where is he to put them? Are they all to encamp in his peaceful courtyard, with the risk of a blood feud between the east and west wings? These people must take what is sent to them in their own country, and not disturb the Mother of Nations at home. The Mother of Nations is not quite what she was, and there is that troublesome stiffness in the joints. These are the thoughts of the man in the hutch, and they are the thoughts of every beadle, high and low, in every department of Her Majesty's Service. Bring on the boiled lotos, and "leave us alone."

This thought in beadles is as old as civilisation, at any rate as old as empire. It has always been the thought of Rome, the Rome of the Palatine, or the other one of Constitution Hill. These wild men from the Illyrian highlands, or the German woods, what are they but so many illustrations of the centripetal force of grievance importing headache to a metropolitan centre from the extremities of the world? Lord Salisbury has his men from Illyria, and many of them being of our own kin and speech, they are not so easily managed as the Punjabis. They come from Swazie settlements, from sealing stations near the Behring Sea. Their pockets are stuffed with papers about the Canadian fisheries, or the railway at Delagoa Bay. The danger for him and for them is that he can hardly resist the impulse to show them to the door. They tend to embroil him with the Powers. They are so bewilderingly familiar with their own cases, and we cannot always find a ready excuse to slip away for information to the man in the back room. Their own experiences of audience are just as painful in another way. They are magnates on their own patch of earth, and they are conscious of having dwindled to a real correspondence with the illusions of perspective in receding from it towards our shores. They left amid the fierce shouts of populations determined to stand it no longer. They were most honoured among the most honoured—the Colonial "best." Leading-article writers in the woods prophesied their speedy triumph over Imperial apathy and Imperial circumlocution. Alas! it was something to miss this sense of pre-eminence the moment they stepped on board the steamer, and became the mere occupants of a state room. Steamers are not in the least frightened of Colonial magnates—they carry so many of them nowadays. It was worse at Liverpool—no mayor at the jetty, not a solitary deputation, nor a flag, nor a gun! Their first squabble with their first cabman brings the whole thing to downright meanness of association. It was to have been Claridge's at the end of the journey; but Claridge's cannot take them in, and has waved them off to the Grand. The Grand is perfectly self-possessed. The very waiter seems to know that they have no case under the Treaties. Is it that, or is the wretch furtively watching them to see if they eat peas with a knife? His manner is distant, suspicious. He waits in a double sense. His idea of the Colonies is embodied, as to scenery and manners, in the drama of *The Green Bushes*, but lately revived.

They open the morning papers. Where is their Colonial grievance that filled the whole page at home? Down in a corner, not a hundred miles away from the wool sales, in an obscure telegram of five lines with half the proper names misspelled. It is the mere needle in the bottle of hay of cricket, racing, Bulgaria, the meeting of the Emperors, and yesterday's murder in Somers Town. As to print and display, Bulgaria has all the honours over them. It is ninety-nine per cent. of M. Stambouloff and the berats, and but a poor one for their boundary question which was to set the Thames in a blaze. Confusion take M. Stambouloff! 'Tis well; but meantime confusion has already overtaken the poor Colonial envoys. The darkness is made visible to them by the effort of well-meaning people to exhibit special knowledge of the case. They go out to dinner, and the hostess, in leading off with Swaziland, plumps it right down in the East Africa Company's sphere. Her neighbour hopes that West Australia will be satisfied at last. The Minister they meet on the morrow reflects this indifference, only in a somewhat better informed way. They have to wait for him on uneasy chairs at the Foreign Office or the Colonial until a dozen dispirited dependencies have been called in before them by the man in black. They come out from him with the feelings of a dropped Bill. There is not the slightest chance for them this session, this year. "We will see after the holidays." They will be lucky if they escape a hint that the Minister would like to swap their pestilent little claims for something in the Red Sea.

Then our poor Illyrian slowly accepts the conclusion that, in Imperial Rome, nobody knows about him, and nobody cares. He shakes the dust off his shoes as he leaves the porch, and makes straight for the Imperial Institute, and shakes his fist. He hurries home meditating proposals of annexation to Switzerland. London looked just as self-possessed when he left as when he came. It is not her fault, it is not his fault; the orb is too vast—that is all. But the feeling with which he returns will help us to understand why the idea of Imperial Federation moves no faster than a travelling glacier, and is nearly as chilling to the bone. One of "our strongest links to the Empire," writes our Melbourne correspondent, "is a feeling for the mother country as 'home.'" What can be the strength of the chain?

DR. DÖLLINGER'S POSTHUMOUS REMAINS.

THE current year has witnessed the death of two men whom an observer from without, wholly discharged from divisional prejudices, might probably pronounce to have been the two most remarkable men of the contemporary Christian Church: Ignatius von Döllinger and John Henry Newman. Two men, both of them great, but very diversely great. To attempt a comparison between them would be to tread upon ashes dangerously hot. Only a very few words may be hazarded. Each of them, in the beautiful language of Charles Lamb,

gave, in intention, "his heart to the Purifier, his will to the Will that governs the universe;" each with the effect of severance from shrines at which he long had worshipped; each, at parting, left behind him the memory of splendid services; and each passed into voluntary and unambitious retirement at once and for ever. The construction of Döllinger's mind was simple, that of Newman's complex. Much more will be written, and will need to be written, about the Cardinal than about the Provost and Professor. The subtle and far-reaching genius, the shadings of whose thought were like the countless ripples of the sea, stands in no invidious rivalry with the companion of whose prodigious learning it might be said, that it was diversified as the Asiatic host of Xerxes, but organised and available as the Three Hundred of Leonidas. To those in Germany and elsewhere who sympathise with him, he will recall Dante's grand indication of Saint Dominic ("Parad." xi. 38):—

"Per sapienza in terra fue
Di cherubica luce uno splendore."

Of each of these great men, however, the life and the unpublished remains (principally perhaps letters in the case of the Cardinal) will be of deep interest. Those of Döllinger must be very rich: and he is first in the field. His "Academical Addresses" are entrusted to the hands of my old friend Mr. Murray, and are ready, in an English version executed by the sister of Dr. Warre, for publication so soon as the autumn season of the bookselling world shall recommence. Like those great artists for whom painting was only a single development of their comprehensive art faculty, Dr. Döllinger's theology was really a branch, although the main branch, of that great tree of knowledge which was rooted in his all-embracing historical faculty. This dominant feature of his intellect will be better understood by means of the "Academical Addresses." It is a work in which he exhibits all the highest and most special qualities of the secular historian. I will only mention two of them.

He composed the Address on "The Jews in Europe" at a time when the anti-Semitic movement raged in Germany, and evidently with the purpose of making it ashamed of itself. He knew, as other men did not, the almost incredible sufferings of that race, which dishonour Europe much as the sufferings of Ireland have dishonoured England; and his historic conscience and sense of justice were offended by the threatened infliction of new injuries.

The work closes with a comprehensive and searching paper, in which he has treated the problems that attach to the case of Madame de Maintenon. In this luminous essay, his judgments on her character are, as a whole, favourable. But I put to him, in conversation, the question whether, taken altogether, her existence had been a good for France; and that he declined to affirm. A special interest is imparted to the paper by the fact that it was probably completed when he had either passed or very closely approached the full term of ninety years.

Another work principally by Dr. Döllinger has made its appearance in Germany since his death. It contains his "Letters and Explanations on the Vatican Decrees."[1] It is edited by Dr. Reusch, one of his learned coadjutors; and it brings down to a late date a chain of occurrences not without interest in the Church history of the time. The Latin Church does not seem to have been insensible of the great gap made in its ranks by the expulsion of this most eminent man. Usually the case of a criminal is stirred by his friends. The ejected Professor, however, was continually hunted down by uninvited solicitations to submission. These solicitations would seem to have been as warm and respectful, as they were various. But they amounted in plain English simply to this: "Eat your words; throw your convictions behind you; stain your long life with the colour of a lie." On the other side is his reply (p. 113): "When I am told that I must swear to the truth of those doctrines, my feeling is just as if I were asked to swear that two and two make five and not four."

The work edited by Dr. Reusch throws some light upon a question which has excited a curiosity, hitherto unsatisfied, in the world at large: a curiosity, namely, to know what was the relation between this great theologian and the Old Catholic communion. On October 18, 1874 (p. 104), he writes to a parish priest who had consulted him: "As concerns myself, thus far I count myself by conviction in the Old Catholic communion, [that] I believe it has a higher mission to fulfil, and that in three ways," which are: (1) To testify on behalf of the ancient doctrine of the Church; (2) to bring about by degrees the exhibition of a Church more conformable (than now) to the old and undivided Church; (3) as an instrument, to prepare and promote the reunion of Christendom. He advises this priest to follow his convictions, and not to be intimidated by reproaches concerning unity and implicit obedience.

The invitations addressed to him proceeded from three sources, which may fairly be arranged according to the three degrees of comparison. First, and to represent the positive, comes a lady of high station, who (February 15 and 28, 1880) affectionately urges him, out of "an unspeakable compassion," and for the avoidance of a terrible eternity, which unquestionably awaits him, to be converted. It did not even occur to this excellent woman that strong conviction of a matter of fact, founded on scores of years spent in the special study of it, makes it difficult to contradict upon oath. Then come letters, highly honourable to their writers, from Bishop Hefele and the Archbishop of Munich, which convey a similar injunction. Of these letters it may be said, as was said of the rack in England as applied on a certain occasion, that it was used with all the tenderness which the nature of the instrument would allow. They begin in 1878, and the latest is dated in 1886. Finally, in October, 1887, the Nuncio at Munich officially entreats him to impart to the Pope (p. 146) what would be the crown of his joys for his approaching jubilee, and to bring about another great festival among the countless learned men and friends who have derived from him their knowledge.

The replies of Dr. Döllinger are given in various parts of the work; and they all remain without rejoinder. The Archbishop of Munich expressly excuses himself (p. 144) from making an answer. Nor could he do otherwise; because the refusal of a hearing, though contrary, as Döllinger contends (p. 138), to the practice observed even by the Council of Constance with Huss and Jerome, was an essential part of the proceeding against him. It cannot be doubted that the contents of this volume will be presented to us in an English translation. On one of the points raised by the Professor an answer in some form and from some quarter will be awaited by the public with curiosity. He points out (p. 130) to his Archbishop that his body was concerned, no less than his soul, in the excommunication launched against him (p. 100), "with all the consequences canonically attached to it." The Professor, in order to be sure

[1] "Briefe und Erklärungen von I. von Döllinger über die Vaticanischen Decrete, 1869—1887." München, 1890.

[2] The German words are: "Was mich betrifft, so rechne ich mich aus Ueberzeugung zur altcatholischen Gemeinschaft, ich glaube, dass sie, u.s.w."

what they are, betakes himself to the Canon Law; to that law, be it observed, which we have lately been told is actually in force in Malta. As a part of it, Dr. Döllinger quotes a Decretal of Pope Urban II. (p. 131), which has been incorporated in the general compendium of law used in the Latin Church. The Decretal declares that those who put to death excommunicated persons are to render a measure of satisfaction *(modum congruæ satisfactionis)* suitable to what their intention may have been. "For we do not count them to be homicides, to whom it may have happened, through their burning zeal for mother Church against the excommunicated, to put any of these to death."

W. E. Gladstone.

NEW DEVELOPMENTS OF VACCINATION.

THAT one attack of a certain disease confers upon the individual immunity from a second attack of the same disease has long been observed. From remote times many Eastern nations have had recourse to inoculation for small-pox, because of its being noticed that the specific contagion of this dreaded malady, so virulent when it enters the body by breathing an infected atmosphere, becomes robbed of much of its power when introduced into the system by puncturing the skin.

Singularly enough, the practice of inoculation was unknown in England until Lady Mary Wortley Montagu awakened public curiosity in 1717 by successfully submitting two of her children to the operation. So quickly did the treatment then spread, that in 1722, after seven condemned criminals had been successfully inoculated, it was thought safe similarly to treat two children of the Royal Family. The practice of inoculation, however, never became general either in this country or elsewhere, and for a very good reason. For although it undoubtedly benefited the individual undergoing the operation, the rest of mankind suffered, inasmuch as each inoculated person became a focus of infection, so that the London bills of mortality showed that more people died of small-pox after than was the case before the introduction of the practice! Thus, as Sir John Simon says, "medicine was baffled and helpless, and for after-times, for millions of our race dreaded the raging of that pitiless plague." A more dreary picture could hardly have saddened mankind. That this dread is no longer felt is, as we all know, due to the genius of an English country surgeon. The early history of Jennerian vaccination is one full of interest.

The tradition of the immunity from small-pox enjoyed by the Gloucester dairy folk did not stand alone, for in Holstein the same fact had been noticed, and children there inoculated from the cow were found to be proof against the contagion during an outbreak of the disease.

But Jenner's claim to be the discoverer of the method is not thereby weakened, for it is to him, and to him alone, that we owe the scientific proof that an immunity, if not absolute, yet of such a nature as to amount to a practical immunity, is conferred on properly vaccinated persons. The experience of a century has confirmed this opinion. While the death-rate from small-pox was formerly 100, it does not now reach four or five. About this there can be no manner of doubt, and to no sufficient cause other than that of vaccination can this changed condition of things apparently be ascribed. Whether other means, such as complete isolation, can be relied on in place of vaccination, how far injurious effects result therefrom, and, if so, how they are to be avoided; whether the Vaccination Acts are or are not just, or capable of improvement: these are questions which are now under the consideration of a Royal Commission, and until that Commission has reported they need not be discussed. Nor is it my purpose here to inquire whether immunity is or is not granted for life by infant vaccination, or what is the exact proportion of cases in which the treatment has not been successful. For even if a single vaccination protects the infant only until the child attains the age of ten or twelve years, the case is proved. And the question then presents itself, How comes it that a few drops of lymph, which when introduced under the skin produces, in normal conditions, only a slight disturbance of the ordinary healthy system, should nevertheless possess the power of effecting such a change in the individual as to prevent it from becoming, when exposed to its action, infected with a disease of the most contagious and virulent kind? Up to recent times the immunity—the truth of which even the most advanced anti-vaccinationist must admit, if indeed capable of giving an opinion on the subject at all—has been a unique as well as an unexplained fact in medical science. Thanks, however, to the researches of Pasteur and others, this is no longer the case. Jennerian vaccination is now only one, though the first, of a series of instances in which the introduction of the virus or poison of a disease into the animal body protects that animal from an attack of the disease if subsequently exposed to the influence of the poison. The malady amongst fowls called chicken-cholera was the first in which the possibility was proved of so attenuating or weakening the virus that it might with safety be introduced by subcutaneous injection into the system of the healthy fowl. The bird thus treated becomes protected against infection, and now thousands of fowls in France are thus inoculated, with the result that the death-rate from this disease has been reduced from ten to less than one per cent. Next Pasteur attacks the dreaded splenic fever, a disease to which millions of cattle have succumbed, and for which fatal malady no cure had been found. Here, again, by modifying the energy of the virus, he succeeded in establishing a method of prevention, which is proverbially better than cure; so that now many hundreds of thousands of beasts are annually rendered exempt from danger by a simple process of inoculation. And last, but greatest of all, Pasteur has given to suffering humanity one of the most welcome of all possible boons—that of protection against the fearful disease of hydrophobia. Now, so far as we can tell, all these maladies are caused by the presence of some minute organism. In some cases this organism, as in that of splenic fever, has been detected and isolated, and can be cultivated as a farmer cultivates his crops, by carefully removing weeds and foreign growths, and this pure cultivation introduced into the system produces the special disease. But in other cases, as in that of hydrophobia, the actual organism has not yet been obtained, although the seat of the disease has been discovered. And yet in both sets of cases it is possible so to weaken the poison that whilst it does not act fatally when injected, it yet preserves the animal from subsequent attack. This is the beginning of the new era of preventive medicine, for bacteriological research not only points to the causes of these diseases, of which the origin has been unknown, but succeeds in suggesting a mode of preventing diseases whose cure or attempted cure has hitherto been purely empirical. This being so, the next question which naturally suggests itself is, Can we explain this marvellous change which a few microscopic organisms, or the poison which they secrete, produces; a change so deep-seated that its effect remains even when every particle of the material composing the body at the time of the inoculation has been swept away and replaced by new? But still further marvels unfold themselves as we read this wonderful tale. All animals are not susceptible to every disease—what is one creature's food is another's poison. Why is this? Here we enter on the region of discussion and of doubt, and the scientific imagination has full scope for running riot. Some suggest that

our friends the phagocytes, which in the unprotected organism fail to withstand the attacking host of disease-engendering microbes, are so stimulated by the introduction of the attenuated virus of the protective inoculation that for ever after they do not lose sight of the enemy when it appears, and assume an activity which, handed down from generation to generation, is such that in the ensuing combat they always get the upper hand.

Other equally competent authorities would rather compare this preventive action to the well-known power which the body possesses of gradually accustoming itself to conditions which, if suddenly brought about, act fatally. We all know the story of De Quincey and his decanter of laudanum, and that of the arsenic-eaters of Styria. In such cases the whole interior surface of the body is probably in some way changed, so that the poison ceases to act as such. In the case of the preventive inoculation, it is true, this change is more permanent than in that of the non-action of the drug, but the difference is one of degree and not one of kind. Whether either of these explanations will turn out to be correct, or whether some more satisfactory one is found, must be left for time to show. We must content ourselves for the present with the knowledge we have gained, that Jenner's vaccination was the first step in the direction of true preventive medicine, and that now, after a century of quiescence, we are taking up the path which he opened out, and that this path has already led us into new fields of wonderful fertility. It is well, too, that we should remember that the tradition of the Gloucestershire dairy folk, leading up to the foundation of preventive medicine, is only a sample of the method by which science progresses. When Oerstedt saw the magnetic needle deflected by a wire carrying an electric current, he little dreamed of the electric telegraph. When Liebig discovered chloroform, he had no idea that the sweet-smelling oil, of which he got a few drops, would become one of the greatest blessings ever vouchsafed to suffering humanity. So, too, when Pasteur first investigated the motes dancing in the sunbeam he little thought that this investigation would lead to the discovery, not only of the causes of epidemic disease, but of the means of their prevention. But thus it is in scientific matters. The investigation begun and carried out with no view to useful application, but out of a pure love of unravelling Nature's secrets, ofttimes turns out to be the spring and source of untold benefits. Surely such thoughts as these are the best incentives for the encouragement of pure scientific research, upon which the well-being of the nations so immediately depends.

H. E. Roscoe.

LEFT IN TOWN.

When "everyone is out of town," and nine houses in ten in Belgravia and South Kensington are actually closed or left only to the tender mercies of the caretaker, the acute observer may discover here and there a habitation which is not so completely deserted as it seems to be. There is one room, perhaps, where the blinds are not drawn. A light still burns above the hall door of an evening, and some time during the forenoon the melancholy figure of a man may be seen emerging almost stealthily from the desolate dwelling, and making rapidly for the nearest cab-stand. This is the modern martyr of society, the head of the house who must remain in town even in the hot weeks of August, whilst wife and children are abroad, or at the seaside, or enjoying the breezes of the Yorkshire moorlands.

Perhaps he is writing a book which must be finished for the autumn publishing season; perhaps he is one of the victims of the Daily Press who must hold the helm whilst others are making holiday; or it may be that he is merely a member of some business house who is compelled to stand in the gap whilst his partners are enjoying themselves; for in this country business goes on for ever. Whatever may be his special case, however, he is a well-known figure in London in August and September. *Punch* depicted him for us the other day at his worst; and, indeed, his miseries are very real. His house is in the hands of an elderly female who cannot cook, and of a man-servant who (the moment his master's back is turned) retires into private life and a shooting-jacket. Most of the rooms are being painted or papered, or otherwise maltreated. It is but a corner of the big house that the unfortunate owner has for himself—a back sitting-room and his bed-room perchance, and even these he can only call his own from say 10 p.m. until 9.30 a.m. His club is empty, "gone are the old familiar faces;" nay, worse, the club may be closed and he may be compelled to fall back upon the cold hospitalities of that "Junior" establishment which he loathes with all his heart. His favourite preacher is out of town like the rest of the world; there are no new books coming from the Press to lighten the tedium of the long evenings; when once his day's work is done he literally does not know how to spend his time, and is glad to get back to his empty house and to retire to his lonely bed-room.

Yet are there compensations for the man left in town which sometimes seem to him to balance the account of loss and gain. It is something, for instance, that one has no longer to look forward to that long succession of dinner parties which weighed upon the soul in June. A suit of light-coloured tweed and a white hat—it may even be a "chum"—are no longer forbidden; one is never called upon to dress of a night in order to march through a suite of drawing-rooms in Berkeley Square or Queen's Gate; so long as one's club remains open it is always possible to secure that favourite table at the window overlooking the gardens; there is no need to scramble for an omnibus or to look vainly for a hansom; the fever of life, even in London, seems suddenly to have undergone a perceptible diminution. For a few weeks, at all events, we find ourselves at leisure even in Piccadilly and Pall Mall.

The sensation is not only novel but delightful; but in no respect is it more delightful than in the extent to which it enables the busy Londoner to indulge in those pleasures of memory which in ordinary times are almost denied to him. If he "feels like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted," he has at least the company of his own thoughts—a luxury he is not permitted to enjoy in May or June. And one's thoughts in London may be just as full of sentiment and tenderness as they can be amid the Alps or the Fiords. "Ah," says the Londoner left in town, as he strolls along the familiar street to the aspect of which in ordinary times he never gives a thought, "there is the house where I slept that first night in the great city—that night when I could not sleep for very joy at the thought that at last I was in London, on the very spot of which I had heard and dreamt so long." And straightway he finds the ghost of his dead youth walking beside him in the road. He has been far too busy for months past to give a thought to the boy who came here thirty years ago, with his mother's kiss upon his lips, his father's blessing on his head, to begin the battle of life. But now it all comes back to him in a moment, and he realises with a mingled sense of pain and joy how narrow and yet how impassable is the gulf which separates him from the boy who lived high up in yonder dingy house and dreamed dreams—some of which long ago became realities.

In the wildest of those dreams he never saw himself as he is to-day; never dreamt that he would himself be the owner of one of those big houses on which thirty years ago he looked with wondering eyes, that servants and carriages would be at his command, and that some day he would walk along this very thoroughfare once trodden by the boy's

eager feet—prosperous, famous perhaps, but grey and bent, familiar with the flavour of every drop in the cup of life, and yet looking back to his boyhood with a great sense of envy in his heart. Surely it is good for the hardened man of the world to be brought suddenly face to face with those days that are no more, when life, if poorer in all other things, was a thousand times richer in hope and promise than it is to-day.

"Over there I said good-bye to Tom when he started for Australia. How I nearly broke my heart when he went, and vowed I could never have another friend such as he had been. Poor Tom! He's back again without having made his fortune. How is it I never see him nowadays? Why, it must be twelve months since I passed him in Cheapside, and was in too great a hurry to stop and speak. He looked pale and older than I do myself. I wonder if he is doing any better. By Jove! I'll drop him a line and get him to dine with me at Richmond some day next week. It will be like old times to have a chat with him again."

Here is Knightsbridge. Between the two great houses at Albert Gate the Park looks delightfully green and inviting, and we turn into it almost unconsciously. Another spot sacred to the memories of boyhood? Yes; there is the very bench on which he sat on that first morning of his London life, and listened in amazement to the never-ceasing roar of the City beyond the gates, and marvelled if he could ever feel himself at home in such a place, and, by-and-by, found his sight growing dim and a lump in his throat as he remembered that yesterday at this time he was saying "good-bye" to them all at home.

He has dropped into the selfsame seat now (I doubt if he has sat in it once during these thirty years). His eyes are on the ground, and he is thinking, thinking—as he never had time to do when all the world was in town. What is the thought that brings that shade over his blanched London features and causes the frown upon his bent brows? He has reached another stage in his life—closely associated with those boyish days, and yet more beautiful, more holy:—

> "A fair young form was nestled near me,
> A dear, dear face, looked fondly up——"

Across the long train of years he sees again the face that once was all his own—his very own—and ponders with a strange kind of awe and wonder upon the fact that only the angels have looked upon it now for more than a quarter of a century.

* * * * *

Out of the park again and into the street. It is the same street that he trod yesterday, and yet not the same. The figures which throng around him are not the chance passers of to-day, but the friends and companions of long ago. He is young again, with the battle of life still before him; the comrades of his youth, ardent and true, are by his side, and in his heart those dreams some of which came true so long ago, but some of which were never realised—because, alas! he ceased to cherish them, and set up in their place other visions more "practical" perhaps, but not so near to heaven. He is young again, and the street is not the street that he trod yesterday. Or is it only that in the leisure and loneliness of his August in London the eyes which have been blind so long have for a moment found time to see?

THE SPEAKER'S GALLERY.

VI.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

A NEW work from his pen is always a delightful event. It may be a failure, but he is one of that rare few whose failures are only less interesting than their successes. In this one respect, at least, his work resembles Mr. Hardy's, or (to take an instance from among our painters) Mr. John Sargent's. You may demur, but at the same time you recognise that the man has been striving after something, that upon the temptation to score a cheap triumph by repeating previous successes he has resolutely turned his back, preferring his own inward monitor to the loud chorus of critics, and choosing to step forward, though the way lead from safe light into semi-obscurity.

To praise this is merely to say that an artist should discover for himself the limits of his genius. But the praise is higher in the three cases mentioned, because Mr. Hardy, Mr. Sargent, and Mr. Stevenson would each have been noteworthy, even had he stood still; for the earliest work of each bore the mark of personal distinction. To take Mr. Stevenson, with whom we are at present concerned, we should have been thankful enough for a series of tales like "Will of the Mill," had he not insisted on leading us up to "The Master of Ballantrae," just as critics would have gone on praising the "Lettres de mon Moulin" had not M. Daudet taken his own course, and given them "Numa Roumestan" to admire more fervently. For "Will of the Mill," brief fable as it is, has this main merit among others—that only Mr. Stevenson could have written it; it has distinction, in fact. There are some thousands of Her Majesty's lieges engaged at the present moment in writing Her Majesty's English (after their lights), with eyes full of hope. A hundred or so have reasonable ground for confidence. Their books sell; they are laborious, in their fashion, and cover sheet after sheet of foolscap with deadly facility; their grammar is exact; they have reputations. Their misfortune is to lack distinction. They "take," as Zola puts it, "the style that is in the air," using to express their thoughts phrases which are but the counters of the market-place, worn smooth by other men's fingers. If colloquial, they are not as Thackeray, but slipshod; if they shun colloquialisms, they fall among literary conventions yet more dire, spinning "next day" into "the day succeeding the events detailed in the last chapter." They are colourless, yet not classical; without eccentricity, yet provincial. There is no need to give instances, for the world is full of them.

If we open a volume of Stevenson at random, we see the difference. We have this moment done so, and in the middle of a small essay, written long ago, and called "Pan's Pipes," an example comes to the eye:—

> "The coarse mirth of herdsmen, shaking the dells with laughter, and striking out high echoes from the rock; the tune of moving feet in the lamplit city, or on the smooth ball-room floor; the hooves of many horses, beating the wide pastures in alarm; the song of hurrying rivers; the colour of clear skies; and smiles and the live touch of hands: and the voice of things, and their significant look, and the renovating influence they breathe forth—these are Pan's joyful measures, to which the whole earth treads in choral harmony."

The passage is, perhaps, too thick with adjectives; but their aptness and colour are not to be denied. The wine may be a trifle too fruity; but wine it is, and not small-beer. Let us see what it becomes when mellowed, opening for our purpose "The Master of Ballantrae," also at hazard:—

> "It was late in March, or early in April, 1764. I had slept heavily, and wakened with a premonition of some evil to befall. So strong was this upon my spirit, that I hurried downstairs in my shirt and breeches, and my hand (I remember) shook upon the rail. It was a cold sunny morning, with a thick white frost; the blackbirds sang exceeding sweet and loud about the house of Durrisdeer, and there was a noise of the sea in all the chambers. As I came by the doors of the hall, another sound arrested me—of voices talking. I drew nearer, and stood like a man dreaming."

"There was a noise of the sea in all the chambers"—the sentence is sober beyond Mr. Stevenson's wont, but it gives the picture in a flash. It is what they call "clean" painting, the direct and decisive handling of a master, acquired with pains, but showing none. Its excellence becomes patent as soon as we begin to count the number of living men who could have written so.

As a rule, critics have found some lack of sobriety in our author's language. Some (too brutal) have

called him self-conscious; others, foppish; and there seems a general suspicion that he wears his style as a man wears a gay suit. It fits; it suits the complexion; and the grace of the ribbon here and brooch there, of the sword-knot and slightly cocked cap, is irresistible; but it is not part of the man himself, they fancy. He is always acting a part, gracefully. He says, "Come, let us make believe to be highwaymen;" or, "It's dull sitting here and paying rates; we'll get out the boat and play at buccaneering. Only let us leave the girls behind." He spends priceless artistic effort on "Kidnapped," a tale frankly meant for boys. And very naturally he is supposed not to take himself seriously. Now in the first place we question if the artist who does not take himself seriously be aught but an ideal construction—useful, but non-existent, like Euclid's circle. And, secondly, few propositions are less philosophical than that which lies at the root of "Sartor Resartus," and excludes clothing from the definition of the term "man." If, as Charles Lamb has shown us, an actor may become so far subdued to what he works in as to find reality only on *his* side of the footlights, surely it may count as so much fitness for his art that a novelist should feel more at home in his fancy garments than in the tall hat and black coat of custom. It strikes us as proof positive of his having "got inside" his subject.

In truth, these gentlemen seem to blame what to us is pre-eminently delightful in Mr. Stevenson. Above any living writer of our acquaintance—with the possible exception of M. Daudet—he has the true temperament and gusto of the story-teller. Flaubert dropped dead at his desk, drained and exhausted with the effort of keeping himself out of his books. Mr. Stevenson would never dream of such an attempt; it would have kept him silent for ever. Instead, he jumps into the middle of the game, takes up the toys, shows us how to use each, and insists on our playing with him. He coaxes, insists, compels. "Pick up those pistols, while I take this dirk. You shall be Jim Hawkins, and I'll be Israel Hands. Now pretend to let your eyes wander, and I'll job at you with the dirk. Then you pull the triggers, and down I tumble—all as large as life, and twice as handsome." Man and boy, we yield to the infection of his spirits, and presently we are all absorbed and playing with a will. That is Mr. Stevenson's way, and, with the critics' leave, there is plenty of room for it in the world, as well as for Flaubert's.

Some men grow up without growing old, and Mr. Stevenson is one of them. There is much sadness in the violence with which most of us are wont to despise our previous selves, saying, "I thought so-and-so ten years back, but I was a fool in those days." We say it quite cheerfully, little recognising how far the confession damages the probability of our being better than fools to-day. For man has no definite age of wisdom, and never yet changed from folly to wit in ten years. Mr. Stevenson, more sensibly, clings to his youth, and, though he can analyse, does not contemn his notions of ten years back. So violently, indeed, does he recoil from the popular fashion of regarding youth, and so tenaciously does he love every youthful feature he finds attractive, as sometimes to appear absurdly affected, much like a bearded man who should put on an Eton jacket to eat caviare. But on the whole he has well justified his choice of view; for it has enabled him to keep untarnished the bright boyish perceptions that so many of us once possessed and have lost before we came to hold pens. And so he has given us something new in literature. Speaking, in his essay on "Child's Play," of grown-up people, he says, "It is no longer the uniform of a soldier that arrests our attention; but perhaps the flowing carriage of a woman, or perhaps a countenance that has been vividly stamped with passion and carries an adventurous story written in its lines. The pleasure of surprise is passed away, sugar-loaves and water-carts seem mighty tame to encounter, and we walk the streets to make romances and to sociologise. Nor must we deny that a good many of us walk them solely for the purposes of transit, or in the interest of a livelier digestion." The note of lament here is almost as poignant as in Burke's famous passage on the decay of chivalry; but on Mr. Stevenson's lips it is the very luxury of melancholy. As an author, he is to-day more readily captivated by a guardsman or a water-cart than by a petticoat, and we can more easily fancy his voice breaking and his tears flowing over a gallant regiment passing to the wars than over all the woes of an Eloïse.

He adores the uncommon, both in persons and phrases. A quaint word is as good as a precious stone to him; he will pick it up, stick it in his cap, and carry it with an air. He makes it his own at once, be it observed. In "Memories and Portraits" he modestly tells us that all his style came of assiduous imitation. But this hardly enlightens; for all "original" men have imitated.

Above all, he is a writer whom we love. Behind his work speaks a subtle voice, appealing, engaging our affections, not to be denied. And if the critic lament to find his vision obfuscated thereby, he should at any rate be glad of the reason.

THE TWO GLADSTONES.

IN his "Chapter of Autobiography" Mr. Gladstone quotes a truculent description of himself by a Tory candidate for parliamentary honours, and adds: "It freezes the blood, in moments of retirement and reflection, for a man to think that he can have presented a picture so hideous to the view of a fellow-creature." In one sense, indeed, it is true of all of us that we are "in the sea of life enisled, with echoing straits between us thrown." If in the material world nothing touches, no two atoms are ever in actual contact in spite of appearances, this is probably the case also, and in a deeper sense, in the spiritual world. No two spirits ever touch; they only approximate more or less closely; a sea of mystery rolls between them—thoughts and feelings which are incommunicable. "We mortal millions live alone," each with an inner world which can be only partially known even to our closest friends. This inability to reveal ourselves to those whose sympathies we crave is at times one of the hardest trials of life. And the deeper and more complex the nature is, the harder it is for others to comprehend it, even when they are in general sympathy with its aims, and really desire to do it justice. What wonder then that persons who study a character from an antipathetic point of view should form an idea of it which is ludicrously unlike the original? The man disturbs their prepossessions, unsettles their ideas of right and wrong, upsets their most cherished convictions, injures their class interests, and makes them generally unhappy; and being sore and angry, and therefore incapable of appreciating their opponent's motives or understanding his policy, they put his conduct all down to some form of self-seeking.

To the unhappy minds thus encased in a panoply of invincible prejudice Mr. Gladstone is not indeed so much an enigma as a portent. They have actually persuaded themselves, for example, that his sole object in advocating Home Rule for Ireland was greed of office. A little reflection would have shown them the absurdity of that explanation of his conduct. He had only to wait a few weeks, and office would have been thrust upon him. Without the Irish vote the Tory Government was in a minority of 86, and the Irish vote was certain to be cast against it in no long time. The only alternative would then be a Liberal Government with Mr. Gladstone at its head; and nothing would have been easier for him then than to have pursued Palmerston's Fabian

policy of relying on Tory support and leaving the solution of burning questions to his successor. There can be little doubt that Mr. Gladstone might thus have secured the dignity and emoluments of office as long as he cared to enjoy them. But by taking up Home Rule, he deliberately imperilled the whole of his political future. It was on the cards—and he evidently knew it—that he might have been driven entirely out of political life. Surely that was not the conduct of a mere vulgar self-seeker. An intelligent and sympathetic study of his character and career would have shown that his conduct on the Irish Question was in harmony with his political antecedents.

In fact no public man of our time has so often put his political interests in jeopardy for the sake of duty as Mr. Gladstone has done. On the threshold of his career he resigned office in Sir Robert Peel's Government in deference to a point of honour. The proposal of Sir Robert Peel to endow Maynooth College was a direct invasion of the thesis sustained by Mr. Gladstone in his book on Church and State. He agreed with the wisdom of Peel's policy, and supported it; but he held that the sincerity of his conviction should be attested by resignation of office, so that no taint of self-interest should even seem to cling to his change of mind. In 1847 he was elected as one of the representatives for Oxford University—an honour which he dearly prized. In the course of that year Lord John Russell's Government introduced a Bill in favour of the admission of Jews to Parliament. The University of Oxford petitioned against it almost to a man, and Mr. Gladstone's colleague, Sir Henry Inglis, opposed it strenuously. Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, spoke and voted in favour of the Bill. His speech, which he immediately republished in pamphlet form, was a comprehensive review of the relations of Church and State. While still defending his theory on the subject as ideally the best, he now discarded it as an impracticable anachronism. To quote his own words in his "Chapter of Autobiography," "Scarcely had my work issued from the press when I became aware that there was no party, no section of a party, no individual person probably in the House of Commons, who was prepared to act upon it. I found myself the last man on the sinking ship." Here, again, Mr. Gladstone separated himself from his party and from the University which had just elected him as a representative, in obedience to the voice of duty and at the risk of forfeiting his political future. And let it be remembered that this was no small thing to a man of Mr. Gladstone's abilities and distinguished position. To an ordinary member of Parliament there would have been no sacrifice beyond the possible loss of a coveted Parliamentary seat. To a man in Mr. Gladstone's position his support of the Parliamentary Enfranchisement of the Jews meant at that time possible exclusion from office for ever. But, as if that were not enough, he made a magnificent speech, and voted in a minority of 95 against the Ecclesiastical Tithes Bill in 1851. And there were not a few sagacious men then who thought that so flagrant a defiance of public opinion would seriously damage, if not entirely destroy, Mr. Gladstone's political prospects.

His opposition to the Divorce Bill and to the Public Worship Regulation Bill may also be mentioned in passing as additional instances of Mr. Gladstone's chivalrous championship of unpopular causes at whatever risk to his own popularity. It is this element in Mr. Gladstone's character that has chiefly won for him the enthusiastic loyalty of the masses. The instincts of the people at large, as distinct from any section of them, are wonderfully just. They are quick in distinguishing between a sincere man and a charlatan. Mere intellectual cleverness and dexterity may dazzle them for the moment, but will never win their enduring confidence.

Another cause of Mr. Gladstone's extraordinary hold on the popular mind is the simplicity of his private life. This also is a part of his character which is a sealed book to many of his political opponents. They imagine that he retires periodically to Hawarden to sulk because he is no longer the foremost man in the field. Some time ago a Tory journal of the baser sort solemnly declared that Mr. Gladstone's love of power was such that it burst forth occasionally in eccentric ways. On one occasion, according to this veracious print, Mr. Gladstone jumped up from his own breakfast table at Hawarden, and rushed round the room, to the dismay of Mrs. Gladstone and the rest of the family, exclaiming in excited tones, "Power! power! power!" Unluckily for the journal, the writer added that Mr. Goschen was a witness of this strange scene—an impudent fabrication which drew from Mr. Goschen an emphatic contradiction and rebuke. The story was of course evolved out of the inner consciousness of the journalist, and it was possibly an honest attempt on his part to exhibit dramatically what he conceived to be Mr. Gladstone's ruling passion.

But what a gulf divides the Gladstone of Tory fiction from the Gladstone of real life! Men marvel at his extraordinary vitality and freshness, and much of this is doubtless due to his splendid physique; but much also must be credited to the absence of that all-absorbing ambition which is supposed, by so many of his political opponents, to be the animating motive of his public life. One of the secrets of health is entire freedom from worries. In this respect Mr. Gladstone's life has been singularly happy. There is no home in England more free from domestic cares and jars than his; and there is probably no man in England who has acquired by habit such complete control over his natural inclinations. When he entered political life, he made it a rule to "leave politics," as he has been heard to express it, "outside his bedroom door." He advised Mr. John Bright on one occasion to adopt this rule as a cure for sleeplessness. "Good heavens," exclaimed Mr. Bright, "I can't do that, for I prepare my speeches in bed." Mr. Gladstone's repose, apart from his ordinary hours of sleep, consists in change of mental occupation. He has the faculty of closing at his pleasure one chamber of his mind and opening another. He will return home from a hot debate—perhaps a disastrous division—in the House of Commons, and in ten minutes forget all about it in the ardour of some fresh pursuit. A visitor to Hawarden may spend days with his illustrious host without hearing a word about party politics. If he happens to be an early riser, he may share Mr. Gladstone's walk to church and back before breakfast; and if he keeps a diary, he is certain to hear something at breakfast, and in the course of the day, which he will not fail to record.

After breakfast Mr. Gladstone retires to his library till luncheon, and returns to his sanctuary after luncheon till about four o'clock, when he takes his afternoon walk with any visitors who may be disposed—and who would not be disposed?—to accompany him. He gives up the rest of the day to his family and guests. Much of his leisure just now, we believe, is occupied, not in drawing up schemes of Home Rule, or even in preparing speeches for his next Midlothian campaign, but in transferring his large library to the new quarters which he has built for it in the village of Hawarden. He intends, we understand, to leave his books to the public, under certain restrictions, and he is gradually arranging them with his own hands in their new home.

Such is the home life of the statesman who is supposed by some to be consumed by the desire to get back to office. It is the penalty of greatness to be misunderstood by outsiders who are close to it. Great men, like great mountains, must be seen at a distance from their base to be appreciated. It is Mr. Gladstone's happy lot to be appreciated in his lifetime

far beyond the experience of most great men; but even in his case it will take another generation, purified from the mist of contemporary prejudices, to understand the grandeur of his character.

A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

XVII.—A Thames Regatta.

NOTHING will induce me to reveal the spot where that regatta took place—first, because I don't want to hurt the feelings of the sportsman who sold me a "card" for a shilling at the very end of the proceedings; secondly, because I fancy the venerable Committeeman might be disagreeably reminded of the person who wanted to know why there was so little rowing and so much "walking over"; and, lastly, because that Thames Conservancy officer with whom I argued the right of way in the middle of the stream, when the eight-oar had to stop short because there was no opening in the dispute, might have misgivings too. As a law-abiding citizen (with a mental reservation in favour of lynching) I had no objection to the clearing of the course; but I tried to explain to the Thames Conservancy officer that a man with a soft voice and no elocution to speak of, eminently fitted as he might be to adorn a small tea-meeting, was distinctly out of place in a calling and on an occasion which demanded a Boanerges, armed with Othello's dreadful "bell."

For the great charm of that regatta was that nobody seemed to pay the least attention to the ostensible business of the day. I cannot speak for what the local paper called the *élite*, who sat out of sight on a lawn, and were refreshed by a regimental band, and by an occasional glimpse of the venerable Committeeman, who wore a medal. Beside the river-bank, where you prodded your neighbour's rudder with the prow of your gentle craft, or tipped off his hat with your scull, so that eyes looked unutterable disgust to eyes that spake again; where you listened to the gipsy fortune-teller who beguiled her romantic calling by pretending to sell brooms, too preposterously small even to sweep a shirt-cuff; where your ears were ravished by a medley of sounds, in which the minstrels of burnt cork divided the honours with the Irishman in knee-breeches and buttons and green ribbons, who averred in a powerful Whitechapel accent that his name was Nat O'Connor; here, I say, the last thing in the world you dreamt of asking was whether any race was going on or likely to come off. There was, however, a certain imperfection in one of the arrangements, to which I called the venerable Committeeman's attention.

"Pardon me," I said, "but I observe that the ferry is free."

"Perfectly," he replied with a genial smile, as of one who knows he has conferred an enormous boon on the public.

"And the lunch, I presume—the juicy joints and the pickled waiters—they are in that marquee on the other side of the river?"

"Quite so," said the venerable Committeeman, caressing his medal.

"Then, sir, I put it to you as a financier and a benefactor of the human race, don't you think you ought to have made the lunch free and charged for the ferry?"

I never saw any man so upset. He tottered up to the lawn, where I have no doubt he told the *élite* that there was a terrible Jacobin down below.

Just then a dirty hat was thrust under my nose by a man who was holding somebody else's coat. "It's for Jim, sir; spare a copper, sir—he performed before the Prince of Wales." Poor Jim! He was the most miserable object I ever saw. He had gone into the river with his clothes on, and this was the only merit which could have commended his aquatic deeds to a princely eye. He swam a few feeble strokes till he was nearly jammed between two boats, and then he stood up and surveyed the scene with a tipsy melancholy, while his bottle-holder on the bank weakly suggested that he should try his luck on the other side.

"Let the poor gipsy woman tell the pretty gentleman's fortune," said a voice in my ear.

I give you my word that I am very much too old for any sentiment of this kind. But it was the Baby! Sitting serene and happy in the woman's shawl was a little winsome thing, with round cheeks and great wondering eyes, which charmed a coin out of my pocket in the most magical way. There were four of us in the boat, and four sixpences were sacrificed to the Baby. What my fortune was I do not clearly recollect, for the Baby smiled in the middle of it, and I forgot everything else. But the gipsy gave me a high opinion of her shrewdness, by perceiving in my left eye that I would speak my mind even if I lost a friend by it: a just compliment, you will allow, to the incorruptible independence of the Rambler.

Meanwhile, Nat O'Connor was still telling us his name and lineage, and dancing on a little portable platform about two feet square. Somebody fired a pistol on the opposite bank, and I was dimly aware of the circumstance that an intrepid but belated sculler had threaded his obscure way to the winning post. But public attention was now monopolised by a negro gentleman, who addressed us in what I may call a geographical style. He said a good deal about India, that is to say, he repeated the word a great many times, something like this: "Me stranger—don't know me—India—long way off." As his origin was unmistakably African, this was rather confusing, and I would have expostulated with the venerable Committeeman, had that worthy not been recruiting his nerves among the *élite*.

It presently appeared that the negro gentleman's object was to gain our confidence in order to induce us to throw coppers in his hat, on the assurance that he would do something very remarkable indeed. As incidental evidence of his powers, he produced, apparently from the back of his jaws, a row of tusks, with which he grinned like a walrus. He also put a penknife through his nose, a feat which moved the crowd so much that the coppers rattled into the hat. Then, with a few more flourishes about India, he told us that he would throw some long slender switches he had in his hand right across the river.

Have you ever seen the bargee in his sceptical mood? There was a nonchalant young waterman of this type leaning on a rail, and he scoffed aloud.

"Throw them sticks over the river!" he said—"Garn!"

It was like the Occident, in the pride of its muscle and sinew, sneering at the occult sciences of the Orient. The dropping of coppers into the hat stopped abruptly. The most robust faith could not withstand the cynicism of that bargee.

Did the negro gentleman triumph over the scoffer? Well, he threw several of his switches very nearly across, with a dexterity which astonished, though it did not convince, the waterman. But my attention was distracted by the appearance of a green felt hat, which surmounted the well-known impassive hatchet-face of the distinguished solicitor who is said to carry about with him enough secrets to hang half London. It may have been my fancy, but it seemed to me that a scarcely perceptible shudder ran through the crowd as he glided by. Men looked at one another with a sudden uneasiness, and there was a fresh demand for beer, though they had drunk more than enough already.

As we rowed back I was told that I had nearly steered the boat over a weir. That, of course, was nonsense, but somehow my mind was full of a blooming gipsy lass—yes, the Baby grown up—and I hummed that absurd duet—you remember—"O fly with me now," and "your own gipsy maid," and the rest of it, till I heard the noise of the weir disagreeably close, and—such is the inexplicable association of ideas—at the same moment I remembered the green felt hat!

THE WEEK.

DID PRINCE BISMARCK really see M. EMIL ABRANYI, the Hungarian Deputy, or did he not? That is the question which is now agitating all Hungary; and very properly. If M. ABRANYI lied in giving a report of an interview which never took place, then a young man who has hitherto borne a blameless character has suddenly fallen to the lowest depth of moral degradation, and can no longer be trusted by honest persons. The whole question is one of the comparative credibility of ABRANYI, who says the interview did take place, and of BISMARCK, who says it didn't. How shall we decide? Surely by looking at the character of the two men. There has been no stain hitherto upon the character of M. ABRANYI. But what about M. DE BISMARCK? If DR. HOWARD RUSSELL were to be called as a witness he could tell a story of the way in which, in 1870, he was treated by the German Chancellor, which is in every respect on all fours with M. ABRANYI'S. PRINCE BISMARCK stigmatised as absolutely untrue a statement made by DR. RUSSELL. The latter, furious at the imputation on his veracity, and knowing that the Chancellor *knew* the story to be correct, sought him for the purpose of demanding an explanation of the official denial. BISMARCK evaded him; refused to see him; "cut" him when they happened to meet, and at last when run to earth somewhere in the palace at Versailles burst out laughing, and treated the whole affair as a joke, coolly admitting the lie, but defending it on the ground of public policy. That is PRINCE BISMARCK. Do the Hungarians want more?

THE hospitality which Great Britain accords to the foreigner is often repaid with interest. DR. EUGENE OSWALD, the friend and biographer of CARLYLE, one of the most intellectually distinguished of the many refugees thrown on our shores by the tempests of 1848, has, in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, been taking to task those among his countrymen who sincerely, or from mere ill-will, have lately been proclaiming the decline of England. DR. OSWALD reminds them that it is just forty years since this was still more loudly announced by LEDRU ROLLIN, who, as himself a refugee on English soil, and the husband of a British subject, might be supposed to have known something about the matter, and who really did hit some blots. These blots have been nearly all made good, contrary to the expectation of M. LEDRU ROLLIN, and not one of his vaticinations has come to pass. DR. OSWALD then enumerates the proofs, to which every year is adding, of British enterprise and the irrepressible expansiveness of British trade and industry, and asks whether these look like decay. The articles, appearing in such a high-class journal as the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, are likely to exert a wide influence.

ON the occasion of the unveiling of the statue of DU BARTAS a short time since in Auch, M. HENRI FOUQUIER, in his speech referring to the popular poet's diplomatic missions to England and Scotland, said that "in London DU BARTAS was honoured more as a poet than as an ambassador, and in Scotland the King, would fain have kept him at his Court, gave him a gold chain." This statement gave rise to curious biographical literary reflections. DU BARTAS was without doubt the suggester of "Paradise Lost" in his "Semayne de Création"; but for all that he was a very indifferent poet, and talked about God Almighty's nose—"*le nez du Tout Puissant!*"

WE have a sincere respect for the *Universal Review*, which is a magazine with a definite object in life, and which is free from any hint of the sordidness that attaches to too much of our periodical literature. Paper and print and illustrations all seem to be provided regardless of expense, and it is seldom that there is not at least one thoroughly good article in each number. The present number (which in other respects is of average merit) is, however, disfigured by an article by MR. BAUMANN, M.P., the downright foolishness of which can hardly be exaggerated. MR. BAUMANN bases a laboured and ineffective attack on the London County Council upon the imaginary claim put forward by the friends of the Council that it ought to be exempt from criticism! Poor County Council! Because it objects to having mud (in the shape of abuse) and brickbats (in the shape of downright lies) flung at its head, it is now charged with trying to stifle free discussion.

IT is a pity that, before undertaking to defend BALZAC against the absurd attacks of the *Quarterly Review*, MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN did not read him. He gives himself away with unnecessary liberality when to "Eugénie Grandet" and "Le Cousin Pons" he adds, as yet another example of moral purity, "La Cousine Bette"—the most vicious, spiteful, cruel woman that BALZAC ever drew. The Quarterly Reviewer has apparently read none of BALZAC'S good novels, nor MR. BUCHANAN any of those which, in a moral sense, must be pronounced bad.

SOME novelists make strange mistakes when they take to criticising one another. M. ZOLA has just been setting forth his views on the subject of COUNT TOLSTOÏ and "The Kreutzer Sonata;" and he is, in the first place, of opinion that the Russian author is cracked—"*qu'il a une petite fêlure dans la tête*"—the very thing that MR. STEVENSON once wrote of M. ZOLA. With perfect justice M. ZOLA says that in "The Kreutzer Sonata" COUNT TOLSTOÏ takes an exceptional case and presents it as a typical one. But so little attention has he paid to the book he is criticising, that he supposes the murdered wife to have been passionately fond of music, and the husband who murders her to have entertained a horror of the divine art; whereas POZDNISHEFF was himself a player, and had studied music with an intelligence which shows itself in his remarkable appreciation of BEETHOVEN'S famous Sonata. What could be more natural, M. ZOLA goes on to ask, than that a woman in MADAME POZDNISHEFF'S position—herself a lover of music, her husband a hater of it—should become attached to a tenor? As a matter of fact, however, she falls in love not with a tenor, but with a violinist. The mistake may be a slight one, but there is something ludicrous in the idea of a tenor taking part in the performance of an instrumental duet.

M. ZOLA has, he declares, been long acquainted with TOLSTOÏ'S works—ever since the day when M. DE VOGUÉ (the distinguished author of "Le Roman Russe") brought to the house of GUSTAVE FLAUBERT his translation of "Crime and Punishment." It is difficult, however, to form any idea of TOLSTOÏ'S genius from "Crime and Punishment," as that powerful novel happens to be the work, not of TOLSTOÏ, but of DOSTOIEFFSKI.

M. ZOLA'S confusion of DOSTOIEFFSKI with TOLSTOÏ brings to mind the story told by TURGUÉNEFF of a greater writer than M. ZOLA who mistook GOETHE for SCHILLER. TURGUÉNEFF had been sounding the praises of German literature at the house of VICTOR HUGO. The poet demurred, and asked what author of importance the Germans possessed with the exception of GOETHE, and that, after all who was GOETHE if he was to be judged by *Wallenstein*, his masterpiece, or "*Walstein*," as, for metrical reasons, the

author of the French versified translation writes the historic name. TURGUÉNEFF blandly pointed out that *Wallenstein* was not the work of GOETHE, but of SCHILLER. Firm as a rock, VICTOR HUGO declared that if he had said GOETHE instead of SCHILLER, the mistake was an unimportant one, since the two writers were "just the same."

IT is interesting to know that BROWNING detested every sort of parody. He even threatened to instruct his publisher to take legal proceedings against anyone who used a poem of his for this nefarious purpose. This susceptibility can scarcely have been due to the exploits of the parodists at his expense, for parodies of BROWNING are comparatively few. His peculiar elliptical manner sometimes suggests burlesque, but also defies it. LORD TENNYSON has been parodied enough in all conscience; but apparently that does not trouble him, though he did once enjoin the comic man not to vex the poet's soul with shallow wit.

MANY persons will have read with deep regret the melancholy paragraph which on Thursday morning announced the accidental death of MRS. MORGAN, who under her maiden name of ALICE HAVERS was so well known in the art world. The life of MRS. MORGAN had not been a happy one, through no fault of her own. She had been compelled to obtain a divorce from her husband (she was not, as the newspapers implied, divorced by him). She found in her work the best relief for her mind, and at the time of her death she was steadily growing in reputation as an artist of singular grace of touch and fancy. Two of her delightful sketches were reproduced as the supplemental plates of *Yule-Tide* last Christmas.

MR. WALFORD has let many suns go down upon his wrath against MR. ELLIOT STOCK. They quarrelled about a dozen years ago, and the author still pursues the publisher with implacable animosity. "I would not have my shelves defiled with anything bearing his imprint," says MR. WALFORD, and it would certainly be difficult to frame a more comprehensive anathema. But as everybody does not regard MR. STOCK'S publications as disfigured by "the mark of the beast," MR. WALFORD'S relentless ire is a little tiresome to his friends. Vendettas of this kind are not romantic, and they are apt to become even grotesque.

THE amenities of criticism have been enriched by MR. GEORGE SAINTSBURY, who says, in the *Academy*, that MR. HENRY JAMES'S novel, "The Tragic Muse," ought to have been called "The Idiot Asylum." The chief idiot, it seems, is "besotted with a mindless actress." This suggests that MR. SAINTSBURY has not taken the trouble to read the book. So far from being "mindless," Miriam Rooth develops a striking force of character, and a combination of qualities which show how accurately MR. JAMES has studied the conditions of histrionic genius. Indeed, it may be doubted whether any novelist has ever performed this very necessary task with so much skill and truth. And Miriam is none the less impressive as a type because MR. SAINTSBURY, in his wisdom, has not taken the most ordinary pains to understand her.

CRITICS and connoisseurs of painting must be puzzled, and we should think distressed, by the different and conflicting views which various correspondents of the *Times* have been putting forward in regard to the celebrated HOLBEIN—so called, at least—of the Dresden Gallery. The work is generally supposed to be a portrait by HOLBEIN of a MR. MORETT, who, according to some authorities, was goldsmith to KING HENRY VIII.; though others of equal weight look upon MORETT as a fabulous personage, and declare the picture to be a likeness of the DUKE OF SUFFOLK, a contemporary of HOLBEIN. SIR THEODORE MARTIN and "W. O." are believers in MORETT, while SIR J. C. ROBINSON doubts his existence. In former days the work which now passes as HOLBEIN'S was attributed to LEONARDO DA VINCI, and was catalogued as a portrait of LUDOVICO SFORZA. But what is still more remarkable is that when, in the autumn of 1871, a HOLBEIN exhibition was held at Düsseldorf, the committee decided that the so-called HOLBEIN of Dresden—which, like the famous and indubitable RAPHAEL of the same gallery, enjoys the distinction of being kept under glass, with a perpetual guardian by its side—was, in the first place, not a genuine HOLBEIN at all, and, in the second place, "not even a good copy."

ALL is now bustle at the Lyceum, where the preparations for the production of the *Bride of Lammermoor*, somewhere about the third week in September, are in full swing. Those who have seen the piece speak very highly of it. There is an atmosphere of tenderness and poetic beauty about the drama which softens the gloom of the tragedy, and will undoubtedly tend to increase the popularity of the piece. It need hardly be said that the play will be presented with the care, thoroughness, and liberality, which pre-eminently distinguish MR. IRVING'S management.

A CORRESPONDENT of the morning papers has raised a protest against "sky signs," the latest and most hideous form of advertisement introduced into London. Of what use is it to protest against these abominations, when the authorities sit with folded hands and allow any offence of this kind to be perpetrated? It is an actual crime in the city of London for a newsvendor in the streets to display a placard of a magazine or periodical not being in the nature of a newspaper; but your "enterprising tradesman" is at liberty to blot out the best view of a building like St. Paul's by rearing aloft a hideous structure bearing his "image and superscription," whilst we gaily consent to "kill" the architectural effect—such as it is—of our best modern buildings, by placarding the walls near them with the coloured effigies of more or less naked women. The age of civilisation, forsooth! It is the age of advertisement.

HAS elementary logic ceased to be part of an Oxford graduate's education? Some remarkable views about vaccination have been contributed by an Oxford man to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Compulsion, he says, is needless; for if your neighbour and his family are vaccinated, how, on the vaccination theory, can you harm them if you are not inoculated? After this piece of reasoning it is not surprising to learn that the Oxford graduate knows "one case" in which something dreadful happened to a vaccinated child, and suspects many more. That sort of suspicion ever haunts the illogical mind.

"GENERAL" BOOTH has been busy again, not only in laying down marriage rules and regulations for his Army, but in raising up his voice against the wearing of mourning and the present mode of conducting funerals. The fashion of wearing black dress, crape, and the like, together with the use of hearses, mourning coaches, and hired undertakers' men, "to take part in a ceremonial with which they have no sympathy beyond that of getting paid for it," he denounces as "worldly, melancholy, useless, and unprofitable, and at the same time needlessly expensive." He adds to that: "It has the appearance of being a reflection upon the providence of God."

IF housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

THE *Observer* is wrong in supposing that the Labour Bureau of the Salvation Army aims at the "extinction of poverty" by increasing over-production. GENERAL BOOTH has simply established registry offices for the purpose of bringing employers and labourers into practical communication. It is surely better to help the search for work in this manner than to leave the searchers without any organisation lest some economic truth should be violated by putting employment in their way.

GREAT in most things, America seems to be specially great in prophets. Its most distinguished specimen at the present moment is "PROFESSOR J. RODES BUCHANAN," who, in the current number of the *Arena*, deals death and destruction around in a manner which may stir the united envy of ZADKIEL, the REV. MR. BAXTER, and LORD BRAMWELL. "The Coming Cataclysm of America and Europe" is indeed something out of the common order. In America there is to be civil war; millionaires are to become an extinct race; New York and the eastern seaboard is to be destroyed by earthquake, and then "the age of woman is to commence." In Europe, the Professor names the dates at which the Queen, the Pope, and the PRINCE OF WALES, may be expected to die (one of these dates is already past), makes a cheerful prediction as to the end of monarchical institutions, the Sultanate excepted, and winds up with the promise of a convulsion of nature which is to rend all the shores of the Mediterranean. They do these things better in America than in "effete old England."

ONE of the most puzzling questions of the week is "What is to be done with TOMMY NOAKES," the naughty little boy, aged four and a half, who is in the habit of pushing his playmates into the canal at Stoke-on-Trent, and drowning them? At the inquest held on the little body of ISAIAH POTTER, who was the last victim of homicidal JOHNNY, upon the coroner declaring his inability to deal with a child of such tender years as the depraved little NOAKES, the jury requested him to ask the Home Secretary for a special order to place this apparent maniac under proper control; the mother having declared she was unable to control her tiny son, and adding that he "had got into a habit of wandering much from home."

THE CLUB OF DEAD REPUTATIONS.

BUT it is so long since my fingers closed upon a pen that this one slips round in them in a manner painful to see. I am not so very old, and yet I have scarcely less difficulty in tethering my thoughts. Such persons as may remember my name in the days when the public prints saw much of it will say, Better for me and for them if my thoughts had always wandered out of my reach, being but poor thoughts at the best. But I do not need to be told that I have outlived my reputation. We of the club of dead men have had time to grow modest.

There is a handful of us only, and none, perhaps, know so well as we that London makes a rare hiding-place. We saunter through streets where bunting has shone in the sun to the honour of some of us, and are as disregarded as the spar floating on the sea where it was once part of a gallant ship. There is a man among us who, not so many years ago, at this very season of the year, was the hero of a Parliamentary session, and his own party papers, at least, vied with each other which should do him most honour. But nowadays he would have a difficulty in getting a place in the Strangers' Gallery. The sons of the men who used to point him out proudly as he walked down the outer Lobby would now hand him back his card. There was a month when my book was in every carriage that rolled away from Mudie's, and when not to have it in the hand in Piccadilly was to have forgotten the fashion. We have an actor who, like all the rest, was the greatest England had ever seen, and a soldier who was met by royal telegrams at Dover. Our mantelpieces have been as thick with pretty cards of invitation to the houses of the great as those of the explorer and the poet and the sailor who hold our place to-day. We have been the hero of the reviews and the guest of famous clubs, and no one, least of all ourselves, foresaw the future. We have sunk from sight and the world knows us no more. We are done with fame.

We do not repine, for our glory was of long ago, and those of us who have a little wisdom left know that we got more than our deserts. For a season the public insisted on looking at us through a magnifying glass, and then they turned the glass on others, when we, seen at life-size, looked smaller perhaps than we really were. This must always be the fate of those who, for a moment, loom larger in the public eye than they have any right to do. Our only complaint is that we are blamed for what was the public's fault. The public finds us out, it says, and heaps ridicule on us. Yet we never intentionally deceived the public. We did not put on the giant's robe ourselves, or if we did, it was only after the public had presented the robe to us. But the public which insists in its freaks on making great men of small ones is merciless when it tires of the game. It will accept no blame. It really "finds out" itself, but it always says it has found out us. It is all-powerful, and blows us over at once, when the indignities we suffer are such as to obliterate our past distinction. If Martin Tupper thought himself a great poet, he only felt as thousands of little poets do—and where was the harm? It was not he who compelled all the English-speaking world to buy his book. The great foolish public said: "Here is a second Daniel," and reared a lofty pedestal, on which poor Mr. Tupper liked to stand. But it was the world of readers who placed him on it. By-and-bye they saw that he had no right to a pedestal, and then they cast him off it and put him in the stocks. Yet if anyone should have gone into the stocks, it was not the poet-philosopher who was too long in dying, but the public that had given a pedestal to the wrong man. I suppose we of the dead men's club are all Tuppers. It may be (who can tell?) that there is a great man among us, of whom his contemporaries' first thoughts were truer than their next estimate. If so, he will get his crown yet. But I hardly expect it. We are mostly, so far as I can see, a collection of commonplace, honest old gentlemen.

As a club we are of no importance except to ourselves, and we have well-nigh forgotten that once upon a time illustrious clubs not only saw us at dinner on the chairman's right hand, but jumped a hundred candidates to elect us at the next committee meeting. Our names have vanished from the lists of members for several reasons, all of which are doleful. Perhaps we, who used to fling our money about so freely, thinking that celebrities could not come to need, are no longer able to pay the annual subscriptions. Some of us think that a year or two after our election as "distinguished persons," the committee was a little ashamed of its precipitancy, and that spoils the club for them. And though the other members are gentlemen meaning no discourtesy, it is not pleasant to us to see them staring at us over their newspapers and know that when we have gone sadly away they will say to each other, "I thought he was dead years ago." For first we are the talk of the town, and second it laughs at us, and then it is done with us.

We have not forgotten how to smoke nor to play whist, and so we like to meet together, and we can even be gay amongst ourselves. It is such an insignificant club that we have no rules, so far as I know. Anyone can join us whom fame has wrecked.

I think there is an understanding that all members must have been referred to in the newspapers as dead, without any one's contradicting it. You may think that to us death would be a happy release, but we cling to life just as you do. And death is harder on us perhaps than on most, for we are not allowed to slip quietly into our graves. The journals discover that we were once famous, and many articles are written to show why we did not "last." Some are content to say that our vein of genius was thin, and so, soon exhausted, and they even treat us with respect. But the majority flout us, and speak as if we had sought immortality on false pretences. It is told how we used to hold our heads high, and the public is amused, knowing us for what we were. But the public made us what we seemed to be, and should only chide itself for its bad workmanship.

And we, forgetting that we were once as blind as they, sometimes sit together wondering to see the celebrities of the hour uplifted on their pedestal and thinking it secure. We see a poet hailed as the coming laureate, we read that he is already writing loyal odes in advance, and all the time his seat is waiting for him here. We see a politician who "cannot be kept out of the next Cabinet," and a novelist who is great on the bookstalls, and a "man of action" who is to be among the next batch of baronets, and we are so certain that they are on the way here that we already greet them as brothers. We shall pass away soon, but it is ordained that the club of dead reputations must live on.

ITALY'S HOME AND FOREIGN POLICY.

ROME, August 12, 1890.

IT is some time since I last wrote to THE SPEAKER; but indeed nothing has passed but what you will have heard of by telegraph. The session of Parliament was prorogued in the second week of July, and closed some days ago, after a substantial but not very significant vote of confidence in Signor Crispi. The only interesting decision of the legislature is that of which I have already said something to you, the passing of the law on public charities. Contrary to his own declarations in the Senate, Signor Crispi defended in the House of Commons almost all the amendments which were made by the Senate to the Bill voted by the House. Thus we have a law less radical, and we have avoided a conflict between the two Houses. And in the same spirit Signor Crispi has nominated lately to superintend the execution of the law a very Moderate member and Councillor of State, Signor Bonasi, who opposed it during the discussion, and who will be as prudent as may be wished in applying it. Signor Crispi likes to do this sort of thing, to be neither wholly on one side nor the other. He is, he thinks, his own party.

The financial question remains unsettled. In the Senate one of the most able Senators, the most able, perhaps—Senator Sarono—attacked all the plans, the very modest plans, of the Minister of the Treasury, Signor Giolitti, and dispelled all his hopes, I think, of covering the deficit of the Budget without imposing new taxes or aggravating the old ones. The Minister, it is true, tries to increase some of the old taxes as quietly as he can; and Government has power to review, that is to augment, the tax on house property; but when the Administration is ready with the application of the augmented tax, there will be very loud outcries, for the country is poor—very poor—especially just now, and it is already overtaxed.

Here are the totals of the income and expenditure for the coming financial year (1 July, 1890—30 June, 1891) as the Minister of the Treasury puts them:—

	Francs.
Income	1,849,389,601·49
Expenditure	1,882,197,136·40
Deficit	32,807,534·91

But it would be imprudent to believe that the expenditure will not grow. The year, one may say, is hardly begun. There is another session of Parliament to pass over. There is no session which is not very expensive. And it is to be observed that 145 millions of francs of the income which are employed in the construction of railways are got by issue of bonds—that is, are debt.

But we are a spendthrift people. In the last days of the session Parliament voted a law with the title, "Measures on Rome." It had become necessary to make some provisions to aid the municipality of the capital of the realm. It had expended more than two hundred millions of francs without having completed the whole plan of the so-called renovation or rebuilding of the town; it was yet far from having accomplished it; and it could not go on. Government was partly responsible for that great expense. The municipality was not only powerless to pay the interest upon the debt contracted, but also to pay the cost of its ordinary annual administration. Signor Crispi long delayed the presentation of a Bill; and then he presented it in a hurry. There were some articles which implied that the administrative ability of the municipality was not to be depended upon. The effect was that the municipality resigned immediately. The Roman people became excited. Many strong words were uttered against Signor Crispi, and Signor Crispi thought well to abandon the articles of the law which had been found offensive, and to leave the Committee of the House at liberty to give to the municipality much more than he had intended. It is difficult to say precisely how much the law will cost the State. There is not yet any exact estimate, but it will be not less, in any case, than two hundred millions I think. Rome will not be more beautiful or comfortable then than now. We have till now done nothing to increase the convenience or the dignity of the town. There has not been time to think of what we would do to modernise our ancient and glorious capital without spoiling it. We will continue, I am afraid, to spoil it. In the meantime we have no elective municipality. I think we shall not have a new one before October. Till then a *Commissario Regio*—you don't know such things—will administer the business of Rome. He cannot achieve much; he has, by the law, very limited powers; he will study the Budget, and in due time present the conclusion of his studies to the Municipal Council. Here, still more taxes are required, but Rome is, of all the great towns of Italy, the least able to pay more than it pays already.

But, perhaps, there has happened in Italy in the last few days something of much more interest to foreign readers than our Budget and our Roman expenditure. You know that the Austrian Government had on the 16th July the unhappy thought of dissolving the Society Pro Patria, which lived undisturbed till now in the Austrian provinces, in which the population is partly or entirely Italian—Trentino, Istria, Trieste, Dalmatia. The aim of the society was at once literary and national. The Italian language, Italian culture, the spirit of Italian nationality, are hard pressed by the Germans and by the Slavonians in these places, and the Austrian Government favours the German and Slavonic expansion, and fights, as much as it decently can, against the Italians, who do their best to hold their own. The Association Pro Patria was, after all, nothing more nor less than a quite rightful means of defence. Its principal care was to found, to inspect, and to propagate Italian schools. The Austrian Government has not only been wrong in suppressing it, but more wrong still in the motives of the decree which it has published. They are all ridiculous; but the most ridiculous of all is that this society was related to an Italian one, which was set up in Rome a year ago—the Society Dante Alighieri. This society is literary and national also, and does not restrict its action to the Italian population of Austria, but aims to operate wherever there are Italians who need

assistance to maintain their language, their culture and nationality.

It was natural that such a freak of a Government not only friendly but allied—a freak quite unexpected too—was very distasteful to Signor Crispi. He is the chief of the Government, and he sticks to the alliance with Austria, which he has, following after Mancini and Robilant, cemented anew, but he is at the same time perfectly persuaded that the Society Pro Patria and the Society Dante Alighieri are doing good and useful work. The last-named society addressed to him a protest against the misrepresentations of the Austrian decree. What has he done? The newspapers have been and are quite at a loss to know. The truth is that he has not written any Note to the Austrian Government, nor presented any observation on the dissolution of the Society Pro Patria. But he charged our Ambassador, Signor Nigre, to explain to Count Kalnoky, the Foreign Minister of Austro-Hungary, that the Home Minister of Austria, Count Taafe, did not know anything about the Society Dante Alighieri, which is, besides, subsidised by the Italian Government.

This is all that has been done, so far as diplomatic action is concerned; but it is not all with respect to party action at home. The Radicals have found out that there was an excellent occasion of falling upon the Ministry and its policy. They have no liking for the Triple Alliance; they would much prefer a French alliance. There was to be an election in Rome; nobody cared about it. Very few electors went to the poll on the first day of the ballot, but on the second day, Sunday last, the 10th inst., they were more than ten thousand voters, a very great number for an Italian constituency. The Moderate Liberal—and, at the last hour, the Ministerial—candidate, Count Antonelli (the African traveller and friend of Menelick), got more than five thousand votes; and the Radical, a voluntary, I think, exile from Trieste, more than four thousand. A difference of a thousand votes appears to be very great in England, and the result of such a trial of strength between the two parties very decisive. But in Italy it is not so. We find that four thousand five hundred votes in Rome to a Radical candidate—that is, to a Republican and *Irredemptist* candidate, a candidate who wishes to subvert the Government, to destroy the Monarchy and the Church, to change the political alliances and the foreign policy of the State, and to wage war upon Austria in order to rescue our Italian brethren — so many votes, I say, are too many. Among you the meaning of Radical is not the same; but among us it is ultimately what I have told you. It is well that the clericals, who are so numerous in Rome, did not share in the election, the Radical—to whom otherwise they certainly would have given their vote—being a Semite. You must note that the Moderate candidate disagrees from the Radical, with respect to the Italian populations of Austria, only as to the means and the time of rescuing them; he could not say that he does not wish to rescue them, to incorporate them with the Italian Kingdom. If he had aroused a suspicion that he was indifferent on that point, he would not have got half of the votes which he got. And there is something else of very great importance to note: that is, the uncertainty and the looseness of the alliance between Italy and Austria, if a means be not found to settle peacefully and satisfactorily the question of their frontiers, which it is undoubtedly very difficult to find.

The session, as I have said before, is closed; but we do not know if we shall have the General Election in the autumn or next spring. The Ministry has not yet come to any decision; and it is free to come to any which it finds most convenient to itself. The practice in Italy is that the Ministry discloses its will as late as it can; and the latest moment is forty days before the election day. In this way a General Election becomes a snare to the adversaries of the Ministry, who cannot prepare for it so well as its friends.

BONGHI.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"THE LESSON OF THE SESSION."

SIR,—In an article of August 23rd last, on "The Lesson of the Session," you note very truly some evident reasons why the Government have failed to carry their recent Bills. There is, however, a further one which you have not noticed, but which I think may reasonably be included, and which I will mention. It is this. The Government have been compelled by circumstances to attempt to serve two Masters; and we know on the best authority, as well as from the dictates of common sense, this is an impossibility to accomplish. These two Masters are the Tory party and the Democracy. They love the one and hate the other.

But in consequence of their fatal position, they are obliged to frame their measures with such a leaven of Liberalism, that it becomes necessary to squeeze the votes for them out of reluctant Tories, whilst they only obtain a half-hearted consent, if any, out of the Liberals. Take the meagre Allotment Acts as a sample. Apparently the majority in the House of Commons disliked the Publicans' Endowment Bill, the Irish Land and Tithe Bills, as much as the minority did.

And, furthermore, although the supporters of the Government have obeyed the Whip—which they would do, as I think John Bright once declared, if their leaders proposed to abolish one of the Ten Commandments—yet the Tory Upper House has, in some recent instances, rebelled against Lord Salisbury.

If a vessel with all its sails set has a strong wind blowing in one direction, and a minor class of steam-tug is pulling it in the other, it needs no further obstruction to make its progress dubious. Other winds were lulled, indisposed to help and secretly pleased. If, after the manner of his friendly act to Ulysses, Æolus had presented the pilot of the labouring vessel with all the winds confined in the bag—Boreas, Notus, and their brethren—so that he could unitedly squeeze them out in any direction he pleased, Omnipotens Smith might have overcome the steam-power of the Radical tug, puffing and obstructing in vain, and might ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm.—I am, your obedient servant,

PETER A. L. WOOD.

Newent Rectory, Gloucestershire,
August 25th, 1890.

SIR,—With much interest I have read your article under this title. Have you not, however, missed what is the real lesson taught by the Session—namely, that the country is *not* anxious for legislation, and that obstruction in the House of Commons is distinctly *popular* with the constituencies?

With regard to the first part of my proposition: We see no great agitation throughout the country (Ireland excepted) for any particular reform at the moment, unless it be the eight hours movement, on which even the Trades Unions appear to be divided, or the Tithes question in Wales.

Even such a great change as that created by the County Councils was brought about by no agitation amongst the people!

Again, judging by analogy: Do the democracy in either the United States or Switzerland show themselves anxious for much legislation? Experience, I believe, teaches the contrary. You have only to read Bryce's "American Commonwealth" to see how barren a session of Congress usually is.

Or if you prefer to go to Switzerland, take the case of the Referendum as given by Adams. Out of nine references to the people, between 1875 and 1879, five were rejected.

With regard to the second part of my proposition—Does a member who gets the credit of being an obstructionist lose popularity with his constituents and the country?

How about the members of the Fourth Party?

Will Sir George Campbell be any the worse for his action in the House of Commons at the next General Election?

In all probability his majority will be greatly increased in consequence.

What the country fears is grandmotherly (or, as it is now called, socialistic) legislation.

What it wants is good administrative government, with the liberty of the individual untrammelled by the bars and fences of unnecessary and ill-considered legislation.—Yours truly,

August 24th, 1890. AN ECONOMIC RADICAL.

THE NEXT HOME RULE BILL.

SIR,—"The Wicked Liberal Unionist" thanks you for your courtesy, and would not venture again to intrude on it but for the numerous references to his letter in last Saturday's SPEAKER. Four Home Rulers have now addressed you under the heading I have placed above my letter. Mr. Colquhoun Reade sought "to elicit the views of Mr. Gladstone on the next Home Rule Bill." Mr. Morton, of the "Home Rule Union," declares that Mr. Gladstone could not state his views more clearly than he has already done, and informs your readers that the new Bill is "the old

Bill *plus* the retention of the Irish members," but omits to say with what powers or in what numbers; while "J. A. P." is a bold "all-rounder," who demands Irish Home Rule merely as a first step to Federation of the Empire, in which pleasant dream he hopes THE SPEAKER will participate. Now I think all this shows how needful it is that Mr. Gladstone should respond to the wishes of many in his own party as well as ours, and enlighten them and the country by a plain exposition. By Mr. Gladstone, I do not mean him alone, but also those who would form his Cabinet. Amongst them would be Mr. John Morley, Lord Rosebery, and Earl Spencer; and, unless there is to be another disruption of the Liberal party, the opinion of those three eminent men must coincide with the opinion of Mr. Gladstone. What the country needs, in order to decide with its eyes open at the next General Election, is to know clearly what is the plan of the Front Opposition Bench as a whole. When the suffrage was restricted to men of more or less education and experience, they required little time to comprehend, to discuss, and judge. Now-a-days five or six millions of voters have to go through this mental process, and to decide *pro* or *con* on a change in the Constitution, which THE SPEAKER very lately and justly described as one of "tremendous gravity." Professor Freeman, a devoted Gladstonian, declared not long ago that it was the most important question that has agitated English politics since 1688. Surely in such a conjuncture men should rise superior to the interests of party, and should think only of the State. Let the people judge by all means—but give them time and opportunity to understand. "J. A. P." says, "Keep the Irish members with full powers, and you will have set a ball rolling which will assuredly result—first in Home Rule all round, and afterwards in Imperial Federation." Possibly; but we want to know if Mr. Gladstone and his chief lieutenants desire to expedite such a "ball," and, if they do, whether the country, after full deliberation and discussion, will support them. Home Rule all round, as Professor Freeman lucidly showed last year, means the unmaking and deposition of England; but this seems a small matter to "J. A. P." "Federalism," he cries, "will not suit Englishmen, we are told! If so, I can only say, So much the worse for the Englishmen's Empire." On this I only suggest that your correspondent should let Englishmen judge. For myself, I am meekly content with the United Kingdom; and I hold that its disintegration would retard, not hasten, that closer union with the Colonies which so many of us, of all parties, vaguely desire, and hope some day may take formal shape. The preservation of "the Englishmen's Empire" is an excellent thing, provided it can be combined with the preservation of England. E. D.

August 25th, 1890.

HOME RULE AND ROME RULE.

SIR,—Your article "Nationalists and Catholics" (August 23rd) reviews the quasi-independent attitude of Irish Nationalists in recent years towards the Vatican and notes "their determination to repudiate the interference of Rome in Irish affairs." Finally, it is asked, "What becomes of the cry that 'Home Rule means Rome Rule'?" And it is suggested that "the Protestant minority" can, now, have little reason to fear the establishment of a "subordinate" Legislature on College Green.

Your question is a fair one—for the majority of Englishmen, no doubt, a telling one. I desire to point out that, to many Irish Protestants, the reception which the Papal Rescript of 1888 has met with, and the tone adopted by Irish Nationalists towards the present Pope and his advisers aggravate, instead of diminishing, the dangers of maltreatment from "an independent Irish Parliament and Executive on College Green."

A great deal has happened since the days of Hildebrand and Innocent III. Roman Pontiffs are becoming more and more amenable to European or international opinion, and Leo XIII. has shown himself specially amenable. Were "Rome" really likely to "rule," or to exercise influence in Ireland, under an "independent Parliament and Executive on College Green," were it probable that Leo XIII. would be recognised by Irish Nationalists as the final appellate authority on purely Irish affairs, on questions of morals, civil rights, and civil liberty, the Protestant minority would, they believe, possess some guarantee, some faint international security, against maltreatment. The reception which the Rescript of the Sacred College met with from Irish Nationalists in 1888, and the language used by the latter towards the Pope because he dared to interfere—not in strictly political matters at all, but in those which touch civil liberty and civil rights—are not calculated to reassure the Protestant minority in any way. The alliterative jingle "Home Rule and Rome Rule" has, indeed, lost its meaning in Ireland. It is no longer Rome Rule, but a special form of Irish "Gallicanism" which the Protestant minority look forward to; in other words, the ascendency of certain well-known Catholic archbishops, bishops, and priests, who hold strictly "local" views about property, debts, boycotting, and other matters appertaining to civil liberty. The Church of Rome boasts—with some truth—that she never changes. But that, at best, is but half a truth. It is manifest that the very weakness of the Church of Rome makes her largely opportunist, in these days. In Spain and her colonies, Catholicism is reactionary and conservative; in Ireland we see the Catholic hierarchy and priesthood, willingly or unwillingly, committed to the ideas and methods of the most "advanced" school, and indeed it would almost seem that the Nationalist party have evolved a special form of Catholic Non-conformity, which combines intense dislike to Protestantism with "dissent" from *fin de siècle* Vaticanism. For example, the "Irish idea," according to the testimony of not a few Nationalist authorities, is "vengeance." No one supposes that Leo XIII. shares that idea. But the very fact that the present Pope is too weak to enforce even his non-political ideas in Ireland is, in the opinion of the Protestant minority, an aggravation of certain risks and dangers.

August 23rd, 1890. CHARLES FAIRFIELD.

VINDICATORS OF WARREN HASTINGS.

SIR,—Forrest's volumes, to which you refer in a paragraph of "The Week," do not "almost cover the period of Hastings' Government." Starting from April, 1772, and closing in January, 1785, they fairly cover the whole period.

With regard to another sentence in the same paragraph, permit me to remark that long before Sir A. Lyall wrote about Warren Hastings, I had "effectually disposed of some of the heavy charges" brought against Hastings by Burke, Mill, and Macaulay. Sir Alfred's book was published last year. My "Warren Hastings: a Biography" appeared in 1878.

Sir A. Lyall's book, as compared with mine, brings out no new point in Hastings' favour, while in some passages it bears too hard against him. A still earlier champion of the great Governor-General was Horace Wilson, whose annotated edition of Mill's misleading History appeared in 1868.

Let me add in no vainglorious spirit that the great value of Mr. Forrest's three volumes consists, not in any new readings of Hastings' character, but in the full and clear light they throw on the more doubtful passages in his career. They consign Macaulay's popular essay to the realms of pure romance.—I am, Sir, yours obediently, L. J. TROTTER

Marlings, Enys Road, Eastbourne, (Captain, Half-pay).

August 16th, 1890.

AN OLD INN.

DEAR SIR,—In your article "Inn and Knapsack" you quote Hazlitt's description of an inn between Farnham and Alton. If that inn is not the old "Bush," at Farnham, it must be its own twin-brother, for even now, nearly a century after Hazlitt's visit, it fully answers his description. There are the rooms into which you are shown, and which look at first, from the outside, "like common outhouses," but which very agreeably disappoint you after you have once entered them, and one of them opens into the old-fashioned garden mentioned by Hazlitt, full of sweet-scented old-fashioned flowers. It is true the portrait of Charles II. no longer adorns the mantelpiece, and I am much mistaken if they still serve coffee in the "silver coffee pot," which seems to have delighted Hazlitt's heart, but otherwise the "Bush" is one of the few old inns yet remaining in this time of huge, overgrown hotels, and it is well worthy a visit from those who like to indulge in old-world fancies.—Yours truly,

E. D. OPPERT.

Stratford House, Ryde, I.W., August 26th, 1890.

NOW AS THEN.

ONCE upon a time (say folk)
When the roads were in a muddle,
Walter Raleigh laid his cloak
Right across the largest puddle,

Crying—"Madam, now you dare
Rain or mud or dust defy—shod
With your subject's loving care!"
So the Queen passed over dryshod.

Though his raiment fine was soiled
Raleigh did not mind a feather;
For *his* velvet was well spoiled
In defending *her* shoe-leather.

Gorgeous mantles decorate
Now no more the sons of Adam;
Puddles do not devastate
Modern roadways of Macadam:

But though garments change their name,
And though forms and fashions alter,
Thoughts and feelings are the same
As they were to good Sir Walter.

So—my Dearest—I will strain
All I am and have and swear by,
For the chance that you may gain
Just a moment's pleasure thereby;

I will spoil my robes of state,
Sacrifice my silks and laces,
If they may but separate
Your small shoes from miry places;

I will strew my best till death
On your path across life's valley:
You—my Queen Elizabeth!
I—your faithful Walter Raleigh!

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE.
Friday, August 29th, 1890.

IS it permissible, in a literary *causerie*, to speak of Wood Engraving? "Only of block-books," a literal person might reply—a retort which suggests undesirable rejoinder. Undoubtedly the subject is more artistic than literary. But perhaps—in the dead season—one may risk it, *pour se délasser*. "*Délassons nous un peu à parler de M. X.*"—is the beginning of one of Sainte-Beuve's *causeries*, anatomising I know not which of his rival critics. In default of a rival to dissect, let me speak for a moment or two of Mr. W. J. Linton, and his recent "Masters of Wood Engraving."

Roundly, it is exactly one hundred years from the true revival of the art. Before 1790, Bewick had indeed issued his "Fables" of 1779 and 1784. But it is with the "Quadrupeds" of 1790 that his fame begins—a fame maintained and extended by the "Birds" of 1797—1804. Four-and-twenty years later he is astonished at the progress which has been made by his pupils. "Little did I think," he wrote not many months before his death, *à propos* of Northcote's "Fables," "while I was sitting whistling at my work-bench that wood-engraving would be brought so conspicuously forward, and that I should have pupils to take the lead in that branch of the art in the great Metropolis." Before another decade had passed, engraving on wood was superceding engraving on copper and steel. A history had become a necessity, and Charles Knight issued the "Treatise on Wood-Engraving" of Jackson and Chatto.

It is now known as by one name alone, Jackson having faded into the background. This is but an act of tardy justice, for the authorship properly belongs to Mr. W. A. Chatto, father of the well-known publisher of Piccadilly, Jackson having usually done little except supply the material of a few notes, and execute or procure the necessary cuts. Of its kind, the book is excellent. But beyond a perfunctory supplement added by Mr. H. G. Bohn in 1861, it has never been revised or extended, and much of the information accessible to Mr. Chatto in 1839 is now, from lapse of time and the inevitable progress of research, either antiquated or obsolete. That, sooner or later, the subject would have to be treated anew was inevitable.

Mr. W. J. Linton, upon whom this enterprise has fallen, possesses unique qualifications for the task. Not infrequently the author of a book of this kind is either technical and non-literary, or he is literary and non-technical. Mr. Linton is well equipped in both respects. He is a distinguished *littérateur* and a trained critic, and as a wood engraver and expert he has a European reputation. Upon this latter qualification he now chiefly takes his stand. "It is as an engraver (he says) that I write." That he should sometimes seem to lean too exclusively to this aspect of his theme is inevitable; nevertheless, while it is well that perfection of technique should have its praise, it is not well that it should have it all, unless it co-exists with charm of design.

The previous history of the book deserves a paragraph. Twenty years ago its author's object was limited to making a supplement to Chatto. But investigation speedily revealed the fact that something more was needed, and that a larger subject required larger leisure; consequently, four or five years since, Mr. Linton began a systematic examination of his accumulated material and of the riches of the British Museum Print Room. Laden with photographs of typical examples, he returned to his adopted country, America, to write his book. Having finished it, he set up three *folio* copies in type with his own hands, adding mounted examples of his photographs, which were all in triplicate. One of these copies then came to England, to serve as the MS. for Messrs. Whittingham, the printers, and Messrs. Dawson, the reproducers of the illustrations. So originates "The Masters of Wood Engraving," of which the whole edition, dating from the author's house at New Haven, Connecticut, and not to be reproduced, is limited to five hundred copies, short royal *folio*, and one hundred on larger paper. Each copy is signed.

Of the contents of this magnificent volume it is impossible to speak adequately here. Briefly, it consists of two great divisions, "knife work" and "graver work." Under the former comes everything previous to Bewick, which was cut with knives on the plank; under the latter all that dates from Bewick until now, which was cut with gravers on the end (or round) of the wood. The first division deals with Saints and Playing Cards, with Block-Books, with Blocks of Wood or Metal, with Dürer and the Apocalypse, with Lutzelburger and his "Dance of Death," with Papillon and his "Traité de la Gravure en Bois." In the second division are treated Bewick and his pupils, Branston and John Thompson, Harvey, the Williamses and others, the list being rather selective than exhaustive. In this Mr. Linton follows Chaucer's "Man of Law"—

> "Me list not of the chaf ne of the stre
> Maken so long a tale, as of the corn."

A chapter on Chiaroscuro winds up the volume.

The illustrations, thanks to the multiplicity of modern processes, and to the skill of Messrs. Dawson, Mr. Colls, and Messrs. Walker and Boutall, are worthy of the text. They are accurate facsimiles of the originals, and not of the originals only, but of the best impressions of those originals. The student who here studies Cranach or Beham, Holbein or Dürer, Bewick or Thompson, may rest assured that he is as near to the originals as it is possible to get. In fact, since a good copy of a good impression is admittedly better than a good copy of a bad impression, there are cases in which he would probably be better served by Mr. Linton's *facsimiles* than by indifferent originals.

Mr. Linton's well-known views respecting the decadence of modern wood-cut art, as developed in the chapter entitled "In the Winter," will doubtless, as he appears to anticipate, receive but qualified favour. His points, however, are stated moderately and fairly, and this detracts nothing from the fact that his book is a splendid example of work at once instructed and enlightened, at once capable and conscientious. No book of greater value in its kind has ever been added to the annals of English art.

D.

REVIEWS.

A PHILOLOGICAL TREATISE ON PRIMÆVAL HISTORY.

PREHISTORIC ANTIQUITIES OF THE ARYAN PEOPLES; being the Second Edition of Dr. O. Schrader's "Sprachvergleichung und Urgeschichte." Translated by F. B. Jevons, M.A. London: Charles Griffin & Co. 1890.

THE science of what is called Prehistoric History, *i.e.*, researches into those periods of human development for which we possess no written records of contemporary or nearly contemporary date, is a creation of the present century, and mainly of the last thirty years. There are four methods of pursuing it. The first is the anthropological, which has for its materials the physical body of man, and, as regards primæval man, his bones and especially his skull, and which seeks by an examination of these physical data to determine the relations to one another, and the succession in various parts of the earth's surface, of the different races of man. The second is the archæological, whose materials are the works left by primitive man, his buildings and diggings, the remains of his utensils, clothes, arms, as discovered in the spots which he formerly inhabited: such are the remains, for instance, of the palæolithic Cave-dwellers, the neolithic and Bronze age Lake-dwellers, the constructors of cromlechs, the Mound-builders of North America. A third method is that which takes customs and institutions for its province, examining the social usages, the legal usages, and, above all, the superstitions and religious usages of our remote ancestors, these being preserved for us by traditions, which ultimately, though often so much modified that it is not easy to determine their earlier stages, became embodied in written descriptions. Fourthly there is the philological method, whose materials are to be found in language, but which regards language not as a science in itself, studied for its own sake, but as supplying historical data by which facts regarding the primitive state of the various branches of the human family may be ascertained. This philological method enables us to do three things. It indicates the relationships to one another of the races which speak various languages, showing that while some may be regarded as brother races, others are rather in the position of cousins, or are still more distantly connected. Then it tells us what point in civilisation a race had reached when its language was formed, by pointing out for what objects it had names, and how far these names had begun to indicate distinctions between species belonging to the same genus. And, thirdly, it supplies a clue to the relative date at which different races belonging to the same family diverged from one another, by showing what words or roots are common to certain languages of one family while not possessed in common by other languages of the same family. If languages A, B, and X, belong grammatically to the same family, but A and B have many words in common which are represented in X by quite different words, it may be concluded that A and B were the language of one people after the people who spoke X had severed themselves from the old stock which originally included all three. And if A and B have a common name for a metal which is called by a different name in X, it may be conjectured that this metal was not known at the time when the ancestors of the races that afterwards spoke A and B and X all formed one people, but was discovered at a time when those who spoke language X were already distinct.

Dr. Schrader deals with primæval history by this fourth or philological method. Occasionally he is obliged to have recourse to data supplied by archæology, or by the study of institutions; less frequently to those of anthropology. But in the main his arguments and conclusions are based upon linguistic materials. That these materials are themselves often doubtful as well as incomplete, our knowledge of some of the Indo-European languages being still imperfect, and the etymological relations of many roots uncertain, goes without saying. The subject, though it is by no means so vague and speculative as the untrained reader might suppose, is still so far unsettled as to require a very careful and cautious mind to deal critically with its data. Such a mind Dr. Schrader possesses, and this is what makes his book valuable. His accuracy and his power of sifting and weighing evidence so soon impress us that even where we incline to differ from him we do so with hesitation. It may beadded that although the book is not one for the listless reader, it is anything but dull—that is to say, it may be read through with pleasure by anyone who cares about early history.

The volume consists of four parts. The first is a review of preceding theories and of the general progress of prehistoric researches into the Indo-European peoples. The second part treats of the application of linguistic methods to the problems proposed. The third deals with the metals, their names, the superstitions connected with them, their use among primitive peoples. The fourth gives a sort of general picture of primæval (Indo-European) man from the data which language furnishes, dealing with the animal kingdom, and particularly cattle, with the vegetable kingdom and agriculture, with food, clothing, housing, trade, the family, religion. It winds up with an attempt to localise the original home of the Indo-European race. This home Dr. Schrader finds in the South Russian steppes, on the middle course of the Volga; and he conceives that after the division of this race into its two great branches—the European and the Iranian—the former abode for a considerable space of time in the region between the Danube and the Dnieper, the region we now call Galicia and Western Russia; while the latter similarly remained for a time in, and dispersed themselves from, the country between the Sea of Aral, the Helmund, and the Indus. This section of the treatise is perhaps the most purely speculative. The data seem to us inadequate for any definite conclusion, and the inferences very disputable. Nevertheless the fourth part, taken as a whole, is an excellent piece of cautiously constructive work, and brings together a great mass of highly interesting information. Dr. Schrader is quite justified in treating of the Indo-European peoples apart from other peoples, because it is language that supplies the data he uses, and the classification of a number of races into one Indo-European family is a linguistic classification. He does not, so far as we have noticed, claim for the races constituting this family the possession of any special institutions or usages unlike those of other varieties of the human species; in fact, he more than once seems to imply that no such common possession has as yet been made out—a view in which we fully coincide.

The translation is clear and agreeable; the best compliment that can be paid to it is to say that it does not remind one that it is a translation.

FRESH LIGHT ON LOCKE.

PHILOSOPHIC CLASSICS FOR ENGLISH READERS: LOCKE. By Professor A. Campbell Fraser. W. Blackwood & Sons.

THIS is a little book, but it contains a great deal of laborious thought packed into small compass, and represents years of patient and attentive reading and re-reading, close observation and comparison, and clear, deliberate judgment. It is a book rather for the student than for the general reader. It is much less readable than Professor Fowler's sketch of Locke in the "English Men of Letters" series, partly because it makes more use of the special philosophical dialect, and partly because it goes more into detail and criticism of Locke's opinions, its main purpose being to "show Locke's characteristic office in the succession of modern philosophers." The more one has studied Locke's own Essay, the more cordial is likely to be one's admiration of the

acuteness, delicacy, exactness, and impartiality of Professor Fraser's exegesis.

The impartiality of the interpretation is all the more remarkable that the interpreter's own leanings are manifestly and avowedly towards transcendental Idealism, and critics with such leanings have not hitherto shown much patience in trying to understand Locke. He proves himself really anxious not to exaggerate the differences between Locke and himself, but to search out and make the most of the points of agreement. This is rather a rare thing in philosophical literature. The discussion of philosophers would possibly command wider interest and a more general respect if it were less rare. It is at any rate a striking feature in Dr. Fraser's exposition, and helps greatly to make the work, small as it is in bulk, a really weighty contribution to the history of philosophy.

"Back to Kant" was the cry in Oxford some years ago. Already there are signs of reaction. This movement back *pour mieux sauter* has been far from profitless, but the forward impetus would not seem as yet to have carried us into a final philosophy. Perhaps a step farther back, "back to Locke," would be worth considering.

Those who know Locke merely as the "Empiricist" of transcendental critics, contradicting himself at every turn, stumbling blindly into the most obvious inconsistencies, will be surprised to find how coherent Dr. Fraser makes him by bringing clearly out the main purpose of the Essay, and taking all the "four books" together, with a view to a full interpretation of its leading ideas. Not a few of the inconsistencies of which Locke is often supposed to have been convicted by his critics, from Shaftesbury to Green, disappear under the more complete light thus thrown upon his doctrines. Transcendentalists sometimes caricature their own method by first ticketing Locke Empiricist or Sensationalist, and next proceeding from their conceptions of what ought to be the doctrines of such a philosopher to deduce what are, as a matter of fact, the doctrines advanced by Locke. This is not Dr. Fraser's way: what precisely Locke meant by "ideas," "ideas of sensation," "ideas of reflection," "substance," "perception," "judgment," "knowledge," "certainty," and so forth, he collects by patient induction from what, as a matter of fact, Locke says in connection with these words throughout the Essay. If we really wish to get at Locke's meaning, this would seem to be the only satisfactory way of going to work; but it is not so simple as it seems, partly because the topics are extremely intricate, and partly because many issues have been raised since Locke's time which could hardly have been in his mind when he wrote, and upon which, consequently, he did not, except by implication, pronounce any opinion.

It is a real help to the understanding of the epoch-making Essay to dwell as Dr. Fraser does upon its practical purpose, and to connect it with the political and religious movements of the author's century as having for its main intention to serve as a guide to reasonable action in the transition that was taking place. It was as it were by accident, and as a side issue, that the Essay became the starting-point of modern philosophy. The practical conduct of the understanding in its application to human affairs was more directly before the author's eyes than the solution of philosophical problems. Dr. Fraser makes this good in detail, and his exposition of Locke gains greatly in freshness as well as clearness by making the practical purpose prominent. We see more clearly what Locke meant by "the new way of ideas" when it is opposed to the empty or idealess phrases and traditional dogmatic assumptions against which reconstruction in Church and State had to fight. We realise better on the one hand why he dwelt upon the essential limitations of the human understanding when we see this made the basis of a plea for religious toleration; and on the other why he was no less earnest in insisting that sufficient certainty for practical purposes was attainable when we remember that the very limitations of human reason might be made a plea for unquestioning submission to authority.

Dr. Fraser's historical treatment of the Essay is luminous and suggestive. But though speculative problems were not uppermost in Locke's mind, it is as the starting-point of modern philosophical speculation that the Essay is permanently interesting. Like many other influential documents, it has been oftener written about than read. It seems strange that after two hundred years, during which no philosophical work has appeared that has not been directly or indirectly influenced by Locke's Essay, it should be possible on the bicentenary of its publication to produce an exposition of it that has all the charm of explorations in an unknown country. Yet this is what it has been reserved for Dr. Fraser to do.

The service which this compact study of Locke is fitted to render to the history of philosophy would have been increased if the comparison between Locke's doctrines and subsequent transcendentalism had been made more definite. Dr. Fraser does not a little in bringing them together, and probably would have done more if his limits had made it possible. He has condensed so much into less than 300 pages, that it seems ungracious to ask for more. But his exposition is unfortunate in one respect. On topic after topic—"sense perception," "the idea of infinity," "the idea of substance," and so on—he expounds Locke with admirable lucidity and precision, and then adds on each topic an indication of the questions that did not occur to Locke, or were passed by as being too speculative, but which were afterwards raised by Kant and his followers. Now it so happens that Locke's doctrines are always stated in words that have simple or defined meanings, whereas the brief indication of the Transcendental questions is given in a more special and undefined diction. It was probably impossible to avoid this without unduly swelling the bulk of the little volume, but the fact is to be regretted. The inexpert reader is apt to feel as if his guide had brought him along a plain and easy road towards a fog, carefully pointed out where it began, and then disappeared in it. One would have liked that it had been possible to make a more categorical comparison of Locke and Kant, stating their problems and conclusions in identical terms, and thus making clear the exact amount of agreement and difference between them. That there is more agreement than is commonly assumed Dr. Fraser makes indisputably manifest, although he dwells repeatedly on the difference between them in procedure. He treats it as an open question whether Locke meant the word "experience" to connote its own rational implicates as well as its contingent or variable data. Now one would have liked him to say categorically how many of the Kantian presuppositions or rational implicates, or whatever they are to be called, are to be found in Locke's analysis of metaphysical ideas. Locke did not systematise them as Kant did, but he did not ignore them when he encountered them in his elaborate report on the contents of the human understanding. A means of reducing the two philosophers to a common denominator might be found in the Newtonian method, which both Locke and Kant consciously followed in their researches. But the closer comparison which we desiderate could not have been made without a considerable amount of extended argument, and this would probably have interfered with the plan of Dr. Fraser's book.

As it is, he has packed into small space an exact and luminous interpretation which cannot fail to advance the intelligent study of Locke's great work. The brief biography of the philosopher also has merits, and contains the results of research into hitherto unused documents. We read with much regret in the preface that Dr. Fraser has abandoned his intention of editing a complete edition of Locke's works.

AN ARTIST IN GREY.

MIRIAM'S SCHOOLING, AND OTHER PAPERS. By Mark Rutherford. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1890.

"MIRIAM'S SCHOOLING," we fear, will not satisfy many people. Since the publication of "The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford," the anonymous author, whom we will call Mr. Rutherford, has produced a "Sequel to the Autobiography," "The Revolution in Tanner's Lane," and the present book; and to our mind his first effort is his best. But though "Miriam's Schooling" is slighter and less powerful than the other three, it has qualities which entitle it to the name of literature, and make the reader glad it has been written. The piece after which the volume is called fills a hundred pages, the remaining half being devoted to the story of "Michael Trevanion," and three interpretations, or rather realisations, of the stories of "Gideon, Samuel, and Saul." Readers of "Mark Rutherford" will remember the author has treated Job in one of his earlier volumes in the same style—a remarkable blending of the original version and imagination. None of the three studies now presented strikes us as equalling the one on Job; but they show much insight, especially the sketch of "Rizpah the Horite," who gossips in her old age about her dead lord and master Saul. We give an extract:—

"The people were weary of their oppression and the hand of the Amalekites, and the Philistines were very heavy on the land. They therefore prayed for a king, and the thing displeased Samuel, and he tried to turn them from it. But they refused to listen to him, and when they came together at Mizpeh, Saul was the man upon whom the lot fell. Again, I say, he desired not to be king. I saw him no more that day, for the tumult was great, and there was much for him to do. But that evening he came back to me at Gibeah; he, my Saul, came to me as anointed king. Oh, that night! never to be forgotten were I to live a thousand years, when I held the king in my arms. Never—no, not even on the night when I first became his—had I known such delight. I have seen more misery than has fallen to the lot of any woman in this land, and it has not passed over me senseless. I am not one of those who can go through misfortune untouched, as a drop of oil can rise through water. I have taken it all in, felt it all to the last sting there was in it; and yet now, when I call to mind the night after he was crowned, and its rapture of an hour—the strength and eagerness of his love: the strength, the eagerness, and the pride of mine—I say it is good that I have lived. The next morning I saw him with his valiant men—the men whose hearts God had touched; how he set them in order, and how they followed him—him higher than any of them from the shoulders upwards—and I said to myself, 'He is mine, the king is mine, that body of his is mine, and I am his.'"

"Michael Trevanion" is a study of the Calvinistic mind. A father sins against his son, self-convinced that "it is his duty to submit for ever to separation and torment, if only he may shield his child from God's displeasure." The working out of this idea might be accounted a failure, if it were not redeemed by an extreme quietness of tone. This quietness in the treatment of his material is what is most pleasing in our author. His view of life is grey, his favourite theme is depressing—the struggle of sensitive and not over-strong natures with the over-mastering materialism that hems them in—but he never overstrains his situations, or exaggerates his shadows. "Miriam's Schooling" is the outline of the life of a woman whose disillusioning experiences are much the same as those of many other women in the lower middle class. Miriam is the daughter of a foreign watchmaker settled at Cowfold—the life of this country town being drawn by Mr. Rutherford with much skill. Miriam goes up to London for a few years, passes through some bitter experiences, narrowly misses a connection with a man who would have ruined her life, returns after a time to the country, and marries a Mr. Farrow, a basketmaker, a harmless, good-natured, practical-minded rustic. Miriam has aspirations, capabilities, passion; her husband is an excellent man, "who never went near a public-house, but never opened a book, and during the winter, when the garden was closed, amused himself with an accordion, or in practising his part in a catch, or in cutting with a penknife curious little tables and chairs." There is no plot in the story, which simply consists of a number of scenes strung together just as they are strung in real life; but one must, of course, give Mr. Rutherford credit for the art which has selected for us a number of scenes without making us believe for an instant that it is patchwork we have before us. The only fault, from the artistic point of view, we have with our author is that he is a trifle too didactic, and there are a number of truisms scattered through his pages which disturb one's enjoyment of his delicate style; but the point we wish to call attention to is the self-restraint of his art. There is no false note in the book, nothing to make one suspect, as one suspects often in the best American novels, that the author attaches any more importance to his characters, their limitations, and their sufferings than attaches to like characters and like sufferings in actual life. The keynote of "Miriam's Schooling," the possibilities, utterly different, which attach to her becoming the wife of Montgomery or the wife of Farrow, might indeed be unnoticed by the general reader, unconscious that there was a keynote at all. We subjoin a passage as an example of the author's style:—

Mr. Didymus Farrow, during his wife's absence in Verona, had been very much engaged in whittling a monkey which toppled over on a long pole; but, being dissatisfied with its performance, he had taken his accordion out of the box, and, just as Lady Capulet called, he struck up "Down amongst the dead men," which, whatever its merits may be, is not particularly well adapted to that instrument. Verona and Romeo were straightway replaced by Cowfold and the Cowfold consort. He was in the best of spirits, and he stooped down just as his wife was waking, took the cat—which was lying before the fire—and threw it on her lap.

"Oh! please do not!" she exclaimed, a little angry, shocked, and sad.

"I wish you would not sit and addle your brains over those books. Blessed if I don't burn them all! What good do they? Why don't you talk?"

"I've nothing particular to say."

"You never have anything to say when you've been reading. Now, if I read a bit of the newspaper, I've always something to talk about."

She was silent, and her husband continued his tune.

"Miriam, my dear, you aren't well. Are you in pain?"

Mr. Farrow never understood any suffering unless it was an ache of some kind.

"Let me get you just a drop of brandy with some ginger in it."

"No, thank you."

"Yes; you will have just a drop." And he jumped up at once, and went to the cupboard.

"I tell you I will not!"

The "not" came out with such emphasis that he desisted, and sat down. The monkey lay on the table, the accordion lay there too. Mr. Farrow stopped his whistling, and lay back in his chair with his finger to his mouth. At last, he took up the book, turned it over, and put it down again. He loved his wife after his fashion, and could not bear to see anyone distressed. He placed his chair beside hers, and lifting her arm, put it round his neck, she nothing resisting.

"Tell me now, there's a dear, what's the matter?" and he kissed her.

"Nothing," she said, somewhat softened by his caresses.

"That's right, my twopenny"—a name he used confidentially to her. "A little faint—the room is rather close;" and he opened the window a trifle at the top, returning to his seat, and embracing her again.

Yet, though she yielded, it was not Mr. Farrow who held her in his arms; she purposely strove to think an imaginary Romeo's head was on her neck—his face was something like the face of Montgomery—and she kept up the illusion all that night. When she came down to breakfast, and sat opposite her husband, it struck her suddenly that she had cheated him, and was a sinner.

This is not great art, nor is it brilliant in any way; but its homely truth is very refreshing after a dose of contemporary fiction. If Mr. Rutherford has disappointed us, it is in giving us sketches when we looked for a finished picture. But the conscientious artist will have his reward.

A REJECTED PROPHET.

PESTALOZZI: ÉTUDE BIOGRAPHIQUE. Par J. Guillaume. Paris: Librairie Hachette & Cie. 1890.

M. GUILLAUME has given us in this work an interesting account of Pestalozzi, the founder of that system of education which, though it did not perform the wonders which it promised, nevertheless has had a considerable influence on the training of

the young. "It was the opinion of Pestalozzi," writes Mr. Herbert Spencer, "and one which has ever since his days been gaining ground, that education of some kind should begin from the cradle." This opinion is surely some thousands of years older than Pestalozzi's days, though no doubt it was he who brought it into prominence. To go back only a little way, what does Mr. Spencer say of Wesley's mother, who, from the time her children turned a year old, and sometimes earlier, taught them to fear the rod and cry softly? What does he say of Lord Chesterfield, who was convinced that at the age of eighteen months a child could be taught the great duty of kindness to the lower animals? What does he say of the mothers and nurses who, from time immemorial, have sung to their babies the old songs, and tuned their ear to melody and to words? In all this there was, it is true, no system. The education given was by chance; Kindergartens were not dreamt of. "Pestalozzi," as Mr. Spencer goes on to say, "enunciated the doctrine that, alike in its order and its methods, education must conform to the natural process of mental evolution." Unfortunately in his practice he was often one of the most un-Pestalozzian of educators. Like many violent reformers, he was a man who thought much but read little. The world, whether of books or men, was but little known to him. From the age of thirteen to thirty-four he had never opened a book, and, in his old age, he boasted, if we can trust one of his pupils, that he had read nothing since he was forty. He was nursed in the School of Rousseau, and among the natural rights of man he reckoned, no doubt, that of being "cocksure" of everything. He did great good by his passionate protests against that pedantry which kills in the child the very life of the soul and mind, but in the remedy which he provided he sometimes fell into as vicious a system himself. His method may have given a shock to the old systems, but it is very far from being, as its enthusiastic admirers maintained, the gospel of primary instruction. Happily for our little ones, we have not yet arrived at those Pestalozzian days when every child who learns his spelling-book shall repeat all the sounds of its language to the infant in the cradle, before it is able to pronounce even one of them, so that they may be deeply impressed upon its mind by frequent repetition. What Pestalozzi attempted, he said, was to "mécaniser l'éducation." What he succeeded in doing was not building up a new method but striking a strong blow at much that was bad in the old.

He was the most unbusinesslike of men; fit for little but theorising. Nevertheless for one half-year of his life he had great success as the master of a school of little orphans, sixty-two in number, of ages ranging from four to ten. He lived with them, worked with them, played, ate, and slept with them. The good which he did them he did by his simple and affectionate nature. The orphanage was brought to a sudden end by one of the waves of the great war which followed on the French Revolution. In such an institution he could succeed, for everything depended on himself. He had no under-teachers to rule. Had it been continued, and had it thriven, doubtless confusion and failure would have soon come; for it would have grown beyond the powers of one man to manage—a staff of masters and some kind of organisation would have been needed, and his incapacity would have been quickly shown. Though he founded what he called a method, he was entirely without method himself. In one of his schools, according to an account given by one of his under-masters, he had no fixed hours for lessons. He was the most untidy of men; he dressed like a beggar; his strange manners, his absence of mind, his gesticulations, his habit of talking to himself as he strode along, and of constantly chewing one end of his cravat when he was lost in thought—all these peculiarities exposed him to ridicule. He was often mocked by the rude passer-by, though his pupils, who felt the strength of his love for them, came to love him in return. He had no capacity for business, and was like a child in the management of his money. He was full of plans for making, if not a fortune, at all events a comfortable maintenance. He studied agriculture for a few months, and then declared that he had adopted a line of life which offered him abundant means, for he could buy up wastes, and grow on them madder. He was cheated in buying his land, and he began to build on it a farm-house in the style of an Italian villa. He soon became bankrupt. He next turned to dairy-farming, and failed in it also. He then set up a factory for cotton-thread, in which poor children should be employed, receiving their education while they were working. His brother-in-law advised him to attend to his own education before he troubled himself with the education of others. He failed once more.

He now and then lost confidence in himself, and complained that he was not made for the world, and that there was no place in it which he was fit to occupy; nevertheless, that the world never asked whether it was through his own fault, or the fault of others. Even his wife, poor woman, at last lost faith in him; for in his everlasting projects she had seen most of her fortune disappear. When he was, he said, on the eve of turning into a reality one of the greatest ideas of the age, he wrote to beg her to cease from her reproaches. "Mais pour l'instant tais-toi, chacun de tes mots me perce le cœur. Je ne puis supporter ton éternelle incrédulité. Ainsi, écris-moi des paroles d'espérance. Tu as attendu trente ans: attends encore trois mois." The Promised Land was always a few weeks or months ahead, but was never reached either by him or her. She was worried by all the daily vexations of a debtor, while he was supported by his boundless hopes. *L'idée pestalozzienne* was to work a revolution in the world. Prince Esterhazy came to visit one of his schools. The enthusiast, with his *passion pédagogique*, was convinced that if before this great personage the best pupils were examined it would inevitably lead to the foundation of Pestalozzian schools in Hungary and Austria, and to the emancipation of thousands of serfs. These glorious hopes, however, were at times sadly troubled. He, the great reformer, was, as it were, reformed upon himself. One of his most ardent followers resigned his post as assistant-master, because he could no longer do wrong to his conscience by taking part in an establishment, "dont l'esprit n'était plus le véritable esprit pestalozzien." What was still worse, in the same village, with the help of some other deserters, he founded a rival institute, proclaiming to the world that they had leagued themselves together "pour empêcher l'idée pestalozzienne de périr." Of the masters who had remained with him, some of them struck, partly for an increase of pay, and partly for the right of taking coffee with him every day after dinner, "en témoignage de la considération qui leur était due." He was persecuted by a lawsuit, and by pamphlets in which his character was violently attacked, and the poor old friend of humanity passed out of the world in the midst of troubles and gloom.

M. Guillaume seems to have written his book in a spirit of great impartiality, doing justice not only to his hero, but to his hero's adversaries. He has given us an interesting study of a very curious character—a character which, with the greater uniformity of education that everywhere prevails, has become far less common, and before long is likely altogether to disappear. The world will be a good deal duller when it has lost its Pestalozzis.

BROWNING'S EARLY LIFE.

ROBERT BROWNING: PERSONALIA. By Edmund Gosse. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1890.

UNTIL a regular Life of Robert Browning appears—and it is earnestly to be wished that the work shall fall into the hands of some calm and penetrating

critic, who will endeavour to explain the causes which turned his second and best into his third and certainly least successful manner—such data as help us to understand the conditions under which his genius first blossomed are very welcome. Mr. Gosse gives us a few such data in this tasteful little book. It is very short, but it contains facts about the production of the earlier books, down to 1846, which Browning himself gave, and which hardly anyone knew till they were first published in 1881. The incident of the purchase for him by his mother, in 1825, when he was but thirteen, of all the works of Shelley and Keats, then procurable only from one bookseller, and all (except the "Cenci") in their first editions, is a pretty one, and helps us to realise the extraordinary neglect with which these two great men were treated by their contemporaries. Browning himself was to suffer in like manner till he had nearly reached his fiftieth year. It is in these data, communicated by the poet to Mr. Gosse, that the interest of the little book lies. The "Personal Impressions" are unobjectionable, a thing which in these days can seldom be said of "personal impressions," but are too slight to deserve reprinting.

CHURCH AND STATE.

HANDBOOKS FOR BIBLE CLASSES. Edited by Marcus Dods, D.D., and Alexander Whyte, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

CHURCH AND STATE: A HISTORICAL HANDBOOK. By A. Taylor Innes. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

MANUALS for Bible-classes are too frequently dry and unattractive in their presentation of facts, and severely one-sided in their treatment of disputable points. Dr. Dods and Dr. Whyte are doing their best to remove this reproach. They have provided the youth of Scotland with an excellent series of Handbooks, in which the results of much thought and study are set forth in good literary style. Dr. Dods has interpreted "Genesis" and the "Post-exilian Prophets"; Dr. Whyte's "Shorter Catechism" is an interesting link between the theology of the seventeenth century and the literature of our own day; Mr. Stalker contributes an excellent "Life of Christ," a volume which may be studied in conjunction with the "Gospel of St. Mark," as edited and annotated by Dr. Lindsay. The editors and their colleagues are all, if we mistake not, ministers or members of the Free Church of Scotland; but they are free from sectarian prejudice, and the scriptural volumes of this series are suited for general use in England as well as in Scotland.

In writing his Handbook of "Church and State," Mr. Taylor Innes has addressed himself, not to lads and girls, but to students of a riper age. Within the compass of two hundred and seventy pages he has given us a clear and, so far as we have tested it, an accurate summary of Church history, together with such explanations as are required to show the action and counter-action of Church and State. He points no party moral; all opinions are stated with equal fairness and moderation. Those of us who know Mr. Taylor Innes the politician, can discern him in the background, quietly watching the effect produced by his carefully marshalled facts. What then is the moral to be drawn, what are the principles to be evolved, from the long history of Church and State? If we attempt to sum up the doctrine of Mr. Taylor Innes's book, we shall find that the gist of the matter lies in the right definition of the terms we employ. Of these the widest is Society—a term which includes all the modes in which, and the purposes for which, the members of a community influence and assist one another.

The State is Society, organised for defence and government. Its functions are limited by the purposes for which it exists; its sphere is not co-extensive with social life; there must be room for social and individual action not controlled by the State. No political purpose is served by imposing one form of religious belief and worship on all the subjects of a State; the conscience of the individual and the teaching of the home are not within the sphere of law. At the same time, it would be quite incorrect to say that the State has nothing to do with religion. Statesmen and lawgivers are bound to take note of the beliefs which prevail among those for whom they legislate. They are especially bound to see that the sentiment of the majority—whether religious or secularist, clerical or anti-clerical—is not permitted to express itself in acts of injustice and oppression: the first duty of the State is to the minority. Has it any duty to the religious majority, beyond that of securing to its members freedom of worship, on equal terms with the minority? We take it that Mr. Taylor Innes would answer this question in the negative. The State is under no moral or religious duty to "maintain truth" by establishing religion; it is a merely political organisation; it has no conscience to which moral or religious arguments can be addressed. It is free to decide, on grounds of expediency and political justice, what it will do for religion, what use it will make of endowments under its control, historically appropriated to religious uses.

The Church is defined by Mr. Taylor Innes as "the Christian Society." As described in the New Testament, this Society has two aspects. It is an invisible or ideal Church, consisting of true believers, and of them only; it is also a visible Church, consisting of those who *profess* the true faith—a Society with rules and property of its own, and sure to find itself, sooner or later, in contact with the State. From the beginning, the visible Church was never exactly identical with the invisible; it included persons (Ananias, for example) who were not true believers; it excluded persons (the man casting out devils, whom the disciples rebuked, for example) who belonged to the true faith, although they lacked some of the signs of discipleship. Controversialists in all ages have claimed the attributes of the invisible Church for this or that section of the visible; but all such claims must be rejected. The Church may claim indestructible unity and Catholic authority; the Church of Rome, or the Church of England, or the Free Church of Scotland, is local, temporary, destructible. When we speak of the union of Church and State, we mean the union of a particular State with one of these local and temporary branches of the visible Church. The effect of such union is to confer on the branch in question the rights of an established Church. But what is meant by establishment? There was a time when the State established religion by using coercive action in support of it; but in England that time is past. The property of Nonconformist bodies is secured to them; their worship is protected; they erect an unmitred front in Courts and Cabinets. They have been established; or, if we prefer to say so, the Church has been disestablished. We now have to face the question, What is the best and fairest use to make of endowments acquired by the Church at the time when there was a real incorporating union between the Church of England and the English State? There remains the still more important question whether, and on what terms, the Church of England should pass out of the control of the State and become a self-governing body?

There is reason to fear that a good many British electors are but ill-prepared for the discussion of questions like these. Our middle classes are not, as a rule, keenly interested in Church matters; and the estrangement of masses of working people from the Churches keeps them ignorant of much which it concerns them to know. We can all appreciate the argument for religious equality, as it presents itself in Ireland or in Wales; but, when we come to England and Scotland, it is more difficult to induce politicians to act on clearly understood principles. In the present state of the public mind we must be content to wait. In England the political fight for religious equality has hardly begun; if we go on diffusing knowledge, and cultivating sound habits of

thought, the fight will be less bitter when it comes, and its results will be more secure. We welcome Mr. Taylor Innes's little book as a valuable contribution to the literature of the Church Question. He has given us a vast amount of information in a small compass, and he has shown us how to be cautious, and sympathetic, and fair in dealing with a subject which bristles with points of controversy.

ANGLO-INDIAN STORIES.

1. In Black and White. By Rudyard Kipling. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington.
2. The Subaltern, the Policeman, and the Little Girl. By Brownlow Fforde. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington. 1890.
3. The Trotter. By Brownlow Fforde. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington. 1890.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling may possibly, before his career is over, be amused by reading and comparing the different estimates of himself which have been formed at different times and published in different journals. The chorus of warm praise which welcomed him was followed by the calmer criticism of others who waited for the noisy "boom" to pass before they spoke with final decision. We may yet find a more general reaction and recantation, when Mr. Kipling will be told that he has written himself out, and that the recognition of genius in his books was after all too generous. Our literary gods are sometimes set up and overthrown within a very short time. In one year they are ahead of all competitors; the monthly magazines bid high for their work, the publishers seek after them. A few years pass, and they are struggling along in the ruck, not doing very badly or very brilliantly; and nobody speaks much of them, or remarks upon their genius. We do not prophesy this sad end to Mr. Kipling's career. There is audacity in his work, something of the divine carelessness which never aims and never misses the mark; his close study of the military, social, and native sides of Indian life shows some of that capacity for taking pains which is the other side of the paradox called genius. Independent of conventionalities, he gives us exactly the right word or phrase when mere talent would have been contented with something quite good enough for a short story. But in "Plain Tales from the Hills," and still more in Mr. Kipling's later work, we have noticed less admirable qualities. Every subject is a fair subject for genius; there are women who are not immoral, who are not even married flirts, who nevertheless possess sufficient individuality and character to make them worth study and description. Why do we meet them so rarely in Mr. Kipling's books? Genius may touch pitch and not be defiled, but why should it decide in consequence that it will never touch anything else? Surely such limitations are petty. Mr. Kipling is frequently flippant; there are many opinions about the demerits of flippancy; with many readers it attracts and seems bright at first, but repels upon a second reading. Lastly, some of the stories are exquisite and artistic; others show the most execrable taste. Inequality is a common mark of youth. We mention these points because it is not well for anyone to think he has already attained. Mr. Kipling has done so well that we think he might do better, and should be sorry to see him doing worse.

In the small volume before us, which has suggested the above remarks, the two most forcible and dramatic stories are "Dray wara yow dee" and "In Flood Time." The latter is told by the warden of the Barhwi Ford. In his younger days the warden had apparently been a little rough; in fact, he had been in intention a murderer. But he could tell a story well, and refused to be paid for his services. "Money? Nay, Sahib. I am not of that kind." This suggests Mr. Bret Harte's

> "Money?—not much;
> That ain't my kind."

The resemblance between the two authors is closer than could be argued from this chance similarity of expression. Both delight to portray the character which has the warmer vices but not the colder virtues, and is redeemed by the presence of the warmer virtues and a freedom from the colder vices. "Gemini" relies for its fun on the bad luck of one of twins. "The Sending of Dana Da" deals with the credulity of the Theosophists, and is really amusing. The introduction and dedication of the book are both delightful. But we could find passages in "Plain Tales from the Hills" which could not be matched by anything in "In Black and White."

Mr. Brownlow Fforde is more merciful than Mr. Rudyard Kipling to the mere ignorant English. Mr. Kipling uses Hindustani words or phrases freely, whenever his story requires it. Mr. Fforde makes a point of writing in English, and nothing but English. He will not even use such words as "bungalow" or "compound." He has many of Mr. Kipling's virtues. He writes with spirit, with delightful humour, with the same power of sketching a character briefly and vividly. He has more tenderness and geniality, but, perhaps, less individuality and strength.

"The Subaltern, the Policeman, and the Little Girl," is a love-story. The subaltern is in reality the hero of the book; he is a very good fellow, not particularly intellectual or accomplished. The policeman is an equally good fellow, and naturally they are both in love with Miss Robertson, the "little girl." Starting with this situation, Mr. Fforde has written a very interesting story. The account of the flood, and the incidents connected with it, is most graphic and amusing. The introduction of the married flirt is probably inevitable now in an Anglo-Indian story. We are a little tired of her. The conclusion is dramatic.

Of Mr. Fforde's two stories, we prefer "The Trotter." We should not like to say that this was quite an impossible story. Things are possible in India which are not possible here. But much of it is certainly farce, very good farce. At the commencement of the story the distinguished Orientalist and Globe-trotter, Mr. Samuel Abel, bringing with him letters of introduction, has arrived at Poona, in search of inscriptions to prove his contention that the "Edicts of King Asoka were no more than *brindisi*, or drinking songs, veiled cryptogrammatically, under the form of a religious proclamation." The Trotter is not popular in Poona society; he is tolerated for the sake of his host; and his host tolerates him because he is the kind of man that tolerates everybody who brings letters of introduction. It is arranged to play a practical joke upon the Trotter; but the practical joke fails mysteriously. At this time a series of burglaries take place in Poona; they are very clever burglaries, and evidently the work of a humorist, as he generally leaves behind him a caricature of the man he has robbed. There is really no mystery about the book; the identity of the Trotter and the burglar is clear from the first. Before he is discovered, he professes to have completed his investigation of King Asoka's Edicts:—

> "There is a translation of the cryptogram. It is undoubtedly a drinking song. I will read it to you. It runs:—
> "'I (or it may be we) refuse to return into the shelter of the dwellings which have been granted unto me (or us) until the elevation of the sun (surya) is proximate.'
> "This is repeated three times. There is a kind of refrain, but it is little more than a repetition, in point of sense, of the latter part. It is:—
> "'Until the gleams of a new day shall spread themselves athwart our vision.'"

One is not surprised that the Trotter found a singular parallel in "our modern dipsology." On the whole, the Trotter is the most clever, unscrupulous, and humorous villain that we have lately met in fiction. We have only sketched half the story. It abounds in exceedingly funny incidents and situations. It is interesting and amusing from beginning to end.

If these three books are fair samples of the Indian Railway Library, we can confidently recommend the series to travellers.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

A STUDY in Scottish life and character is as good a description as can be found for Mr. Mackay's "Sketch of the History of Fife and Kinross." The "sheriff of these counties," as the author quaintly styles himself on the title-page, regards the annals of Fife not so much as a subject for antiquarian research as a miniature picture of the affairs and people of Scotland. Mr. Mackay writes with knowledge as well as with enthusiasm; and as he also possesses a fair degree of historical imagination, the result is an attractive book, which helps to make the past live again in the thoughts of the reader of to-day. George Buchanan, that sturdy old historian who has been not inaptly termed the "first Whig," writing in 1582, says, "All the country between the Forth and the Tay grows narrow like a wedge eastwards, even to the sea, and it is called Fife, a district provided within its own bounds with all things necessary for the use of life." When Thomas Pennant made his famous "Tour in Scotland," towards the close of last century, he was greatly impressed with the prosperity of Fife, and left on record his opinion that it was a country fertile in soil, and abundant in cattle, and so populous that, "excepting the environs of London, scarce one in South Britain can vie with it." The history of Fife begins with the legends of the saints, and this half-mythical period ends with the great and noble figure of St. Margaret, wife of Malcolm Canmore. The manipulation of the legend of St. Andrew, Mr. Mackay hints, was probably the work of a patriotic Scottish monk; yet that the nation at a very early date accepted St. Andrew as its patron is not open to controversy; moreover, he has the distinction of being the "only saint whose day has survived all ecclesiastical change, and is observed of Protestants as well as Romanists." Many of the most stirring incidents in the history of Fife gather around the picturesque city of St. Andrews, with its dismantled castle, its ancient university, and its still more ancient cathedral. St. Andrews has been often called the Canterbury of Scotland, and for centuries it was not merely the ecclesiastical capital, but a seat of authority in the intellectual as well as the spiritual realm, and with it many great names in Church and State are linked. It is, perhaps, enough to mention the name of Cardinal Beaton in the long line of its masterful Churchmen, and Patrick Hamilton and George Wishart amongst its noble group of martyrs. John Knox preached his first sermon in St. Andrews; and there, too, the first passages in the tragedy of Mary Stuart were enacted. Mr. Mackay gives us, in passing, a pleasant glimpse of some distinguished men who visited Fife in the eighteenth century, notably Daniel Defoe and Samuel Johnson. The author of "Robinson Crusoe" was very complimentary to the place and the people; but the great lexicographer, as all the world knows, was very much the reverse. Thomas Carlyle and Edward Irving were friends and fellow-schoolmasters at Kirkcaldy in 1816, but the chief name associated with the town of Fife is that of Adam Smith. It is asserted in these pages that Fife and Aberdeenshire have together contributed more than any other districts to the history of Scotland; and with pardonable pride Mr. Mackay draws attention to the fact that Sir Walter Scott, in his dedication of the Waverley novels, paid the "folk of Fife" the compliment of special allusion.

Mr. Tait—one of the masters of Clifton College—has prepared for the use of students an "Analysis of English History" from A.D. 50 to the death in 1830 of George IV. The book is based on Green's "Short History of the English People." The arrangement of the volume is extremely clear, and it is possible at a glance to trace the landmarks of great campaigns and political struggles. By the use of two kinds of type, the principal facts are thrown into prominence; and though books of this sort lend themselves all too readily to the process familiarly known as "cramming," their value to more conscientious students is not open to dispute.

A cheap edition—the tenth, by the way—of Mrs. Lynn Linton's "True History of Joshua Davidson, Christian and Communist," has just appeared. The book in its new form, especially now that social questions are everywhere under discussion, ought to win a wide welcome. It is a vigorous and powerful impeachment of "conventional respectabilities," and it urges with singular force and beauty the plea that if Christ was right, modern Christianity is wrong.

A cheap little guide-book to "The Rhine and Rhineland," plentifully illustrated with woodcuts and maps, has just reached us, and in its two hundred pages information will be found on almost everything of interest and importance to the tourist in that picturesque region. The chief objects of attraction in the various cities and towns are duly enumerated, and the famous cathedrals and castles on the banks of the river are also described. In each city and town particulars are given concerning hotel accommodation, prices, etc.; and another admirable feature consists in accounts of walks and excursions in the neighbourhood of the principal halting-places. Hints for a tour of a fortnight are given, whilst those who are able to linger for a month are shown how to turn such a period of leisure to advantage.

As the crow flies, Swanage is only about seven miles from Bournemouth, but hardly any greater contrast could be imagined than that which exists between the two places. Bournemouth has a climate which suggests Madeira, and is full of luxurious hotels which attract the fashionable crowd. Swanage, on the contrary, has a bracing climate which Charles Kingsley used to extol, but the place itself in spite of its picturesque surroundings is still sleepy, primitive, and unspoilt by the enterprise of the speculating builder. How long this state of things will continue we should not like to predict; indeed, this summer there has been a stir in the streets of this marine Sleepy Hollow, which seems the precursor of a change. The railway, moreover, has at length touched the town, and in due course the crowd will follow, though we do not imagine that Swanage will ever become a serious rival of Eastbourne and Folkestone, much less of Hastings and Brighton. The chief value of this handbook consists, in our judgment, in the admirable reproduction of a number of photographs of the district, and in the clear account which is given of the characteristics of the neighbourhood. Dr. Forbes Winslow contributes to the book a paper on "Swanage as a Health Resort," and strongly recommends the place, not only to persons afflicted with pulmonary disorders, but as the coolest summer residence on the south coast. The winters are mild, and not once in ten years is the ice of greater thickness than half a crown; whilst glorious walks may be had along the cliffs to Durlston Head, Peverel Point, Filly Whim, and Seacombe Cliff.

English lads, or at all events the majority of them, have always been distinguished by a love of "athletic sports," and therefore it is somewhat surprising that, with one notable exception, there has hitherto been no systematic attempt to furnish hand-books at all worthy of the chief national pastimes. The avowed object of the present series is to give in concise form a clear description of each game, with practical instructions and hints likely to prove serviceable both to the beginner and to the more advanced player. Wherever an authorised code of laws is in existence, it is duly cited, and no pains have been spared to expound the theory and to illustrate the practice of the games concerned. It is proposed to cover the whole field of athletic sports in four volumes, and in this opening instalment cricket, tennis, rackets, fives, golf, and hockey are dealt with by such recognised experts as Mr. Lyttelton of Haileybury College, Mr. Julian Marshall of tennis fame, Mr. Tait of Charterhouse School, Mr. Linskill of Cambridge University Golf Club, and Mr. Frank Creswell the well-known authority on hockey. It is recognised in these chapters that games must be learnt by practice rather than from books, but it is also urged that practice without proper guidance is often worse than useless. Many a young player spends fruitless hours in vain attempts to surmount some difficulty, when a word of counsel from an older player, who has already gone through a similar experience, might have put him on the right track at once; and this is really one of the chief objects which the present series seeks to achieve.

* A SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF FIFE AND KINROSS. By Æ. J. G. Mackay. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. Crown 8vo.

ANALYSIS OF ENGLISH HISTORY. By C. W. A. Tait, M.A., Assistant Master in Clifton College. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Crown 8vo.

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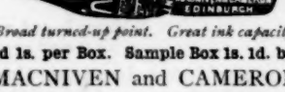

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